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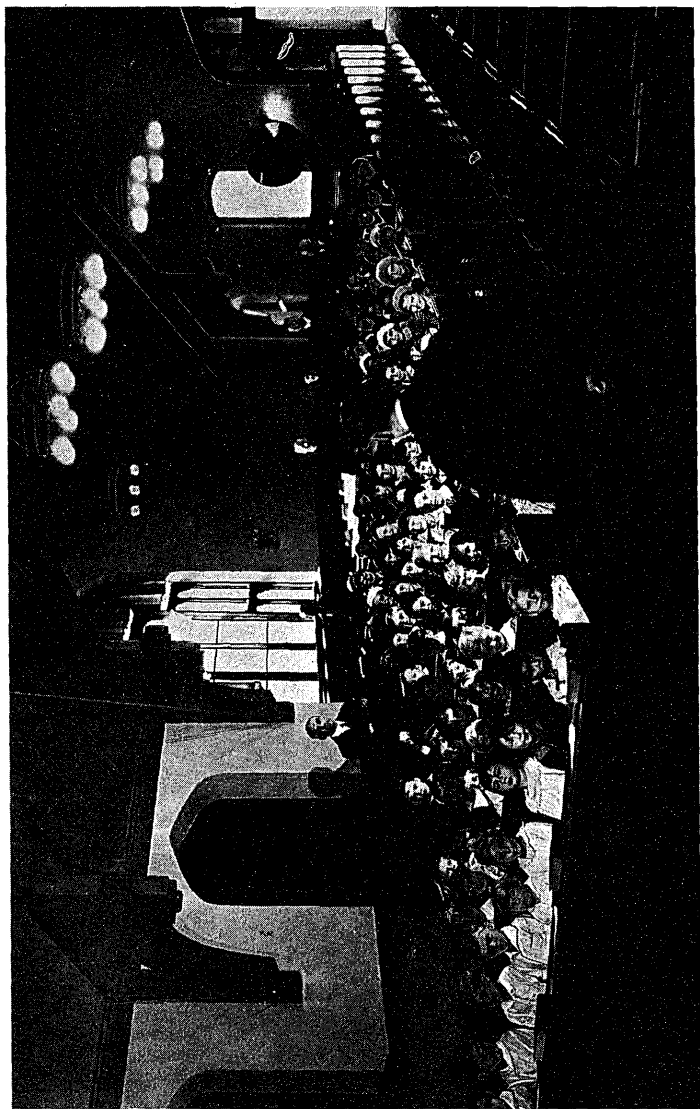
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GIFT OF



STORY SERMONS
for
JUNIOR CONGREGATIONS



"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."

FORT WASHINGTON COLLEGIATE CHURCH,
NEW YORK CITY.
Rev. Irving H. Berg, D.D., Minister.

Story Sermons

for

Junior Congregations

BY
MARY KIRKPATRICK BERG



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TO MY BROTHER
JOSEPH FREDERIC BERG
TO WHOM MY FIRST STORIES WERE TOLD

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FOREWORD

It might be well for us to ask ourselves—Why do we preach sermons to children? Is it to fill time? To amuse the children? Hit at the older ones over the children's heads? Because others do it? None of these reasons would seem to suffice, nor justify the children in giving us their time every Sunday morning. The one good and adequate reason for the Children's Sermon is that it nurture their religious life and because their religious life is not that of the adult, the Children's Sermon should have three essential characteristics, if it is to find a place in their lives.

First then, it must interest them, get their undivided attention from the start.

A talk was once being given to children. The leader took for his theme "The Bible." During the talk he held in his hand a very beautiful copy of the Bible with bright red morocco covers and gold edges. He told the children what a wonderful book the Bible was—that it was really a library of sixty-six books, and then a little bit of what these books were about. He urged the children to read the Bible every day and pictured what it would do for them if they did. Then he looked at his watch and found his ten minutes were up. He was sorry. He had meant to tell a Bible story before he finished. The inattention and restlessness of the children was his only reward.

And then one day another came. He too wanted to make the children feel what a wonderful book the Bible was. So he chose a story from the Bible itself, and told

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it with all the feeling he had, helped by all the power of his imagination. At the close he told them the Bible was full of many such stories. The children's eyes never left his face. They went home eager to hear more stories like that one from the Bible.

Second, the Sermon for children should be suited to those supposed to listen to it. If this group be ungraded, as it usually is, the problem will be harder. But it will be found all children love stories about other children, that shall interpret life to them, through situations peculiarly like their own. Again children of all ages, unless of kindergarten years, are quick to respond to stories of adult life that depict bravery, honor and achievement. They picture themselves in like situations, doing these same deeds and are eager to show their world they too are brave and fine.

And third, the Children's Sermon must have religious value. The minister who told his children one morning about the careless frog who falling into a pail of milk saved his life jumping about until he had, through ceaseless effort, evolved a pat of butter on which he sat in safety, no doubt gave his children huge enjoyment "while a good time was enjoyed by all." Yet it is doubtful if this so-called children's sermon justified the time the children gave it to that morning, since they were left entirely to draw their own conclusions about the careless frog.

Is laughter not permissible then? Thrice blessed is that one who having a saving sense of humor shall share it with the children and together they shall enjoy a burst of joyous laughter. But let it never be forgotten laughter is not the primary object sought and when the laugh is enjoyed the children be brought to another state of mind before the sermon ends.

It is then with this threefold objective in view these "story sermons" are sent out to an unknown public. Not

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all of them will be found equally pleasing, nor be equally suited to all Junior Congregations. It is hoped however, that some will prove themselves helpful to all and if so, they will not have failed in their object. And may the reaction sometimes be that given by an eight year old who after church said to his father, "That was a real story you told this morning, Dad. It went over big."

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STORY SERMONS
For
FALL, RALLY DAY, THANKSGIVING

A TALK ABOUT OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL

I WANT to talk to you this morning about our Sunday School. How should we start to make it a great school, one of the best in the world? Would a new building help? Very well, let us pull down our old one and make us a fine new modern building. Have we a great school now? Let us fill it full to the very doors with children. What about our school now? Can we do anything more to make it a great school?

How many of you children like candy? Mary Elizabeth was a girl who needed to make some money, for her family was poor. So she said, "I am going to make and sell candy, for everybody likes and buys good candy."

After awhile Mary Elizabeth became famous. Her candy was so good that people thronged her little shop to buy it. "This is fine candy," they said, "the very best we can buy." And the Mary Elizabeth Candy shops became known everywhere. Why? Because they were so big, because they were so fine looking? No, they were very small, modest little shops. It was the good fresh, wholesome candy sold over the counter that made them famous. Now it is just that way with Sunday Schools. What makes them great? Their size? Their fine buildings? No, the people in them, the boys and girls that go in and out the doors every Sunday.

What kind of boys and girls are we? I wonder if we could take some hero for our model this year and say we would be like him? How about this one. He has travelled over 280,000 miles through the air, he has made 8,400 flights, carried 8,600 passengers and never lost a

life. He has crossed the American continent fifteen times. He has been honored and decorated by 18 nations. He,—oh, do you know him? Shall we take Col. Lindbergh for our model? Let us see what we must do to be like him. Not long ago a young man said, "I am going to be like Lindbergh. He's my hero." So he stole a ride on an aeroplane, and endangered the lives of every one making that flight. Was he like Lindbergh? No, Col. Lindbergh has always and everywhere shown himself to be kind and thoughtful of everybody, regardless of what he wants. Col. Lindbergh is modest. He never boasts about anything he does, or takes any credit to himself for his wonderful deeds. How many boys and girls like to boast of what they do or are going to do, of what their fathers and mothers do or have?

Col. Lindbergh is honest. When people tried to load him with money he refused it, for he said, "I have not earned it, it would not be honest to take it. I will take only the money I earn." How many of you would like to be rich without the trouble of earning the money?

Col. Lindbergh is controlled. He knows how to keep his temper even if people laugh at him, throng him, endanger his life and upset his plans. When very tired he is never angry with people or circumstances that make him so. Let us think of these things that have helped Col. Lindbergh become the man he is, if we would be like him.

Many years ago there lived a boy. He grew up in a small country village. His father was a carpenter. A big city was near. As this boy grew to manhood he saw many of his friends leave for the big city. The temptation must have been strong to go with them.

But this boy was the oldest of a big family. His father and mother worked very hard to earn the food and clothes necessary for all. So this boy said, "I won't leave

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them; I'll stay right here with father in the carpenter shop and help him." Later he became the greatest leader the world has ever known. Today he is worshipped by millions of people. Can you name him? Our Master workman, Jesus Christ, says to every one of you, "Get ready as I did. There is a work for each of you as there was for me. Be the best boy and girl you know how to be today, and in the years ahead, perhaps you too will be one of God's greatest master workmen."

So that is the way we can make this Sunday School of ours a truly great school. Who will try?

A MESSAGE FROM A LIGHTHOUSE

INTRODUCTION: How many of you have ever seen a lighthouse? Yes, some of you have. What are lighthouses for? Who takes care of them? Would it be fun, do you think to have to live on a lighthouse all your life? Perhaps some of you think so. Listen to our story.

THE STORY: The lighthouse of our story is on Greenly Island off the coast of Labrador. It is so very small you could not find it on your map. Someone who has been there says, "It is the very worst hole on land or sea that I know of. Conditions are wicked there; its snow and ice from December to May and then more snow and ice." Would it be fun to live there the year round, do you think, to see no one but a few fishermen and them only in summer?

But so rocky and dangerous are the shores of this island that a lighthouse must be kept here. I wish we knew the name of that splendid lighthouse keeper who lives here year in and year out; just so that light may flash its message to all vessels: "Beware! Danger! Keep away from these rocks!"

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Now it chanced a few years ago two famous fliers were making a westward trip over the Atlantic, a very daring and dangerous thing to do. The hour came one day when many miles out of their course, their fuel gone these two fliers faced almost certain death.

Suddenly they saw the lighthouse from Greenly Island flash its message. The hearts of the fliers gave a leap of joy. Land was near, they were saved. And so it proved. Not many hours after a telegram was received; "we are all safe," and an anxious world rejoiced because of that Greenly Island Lighthouse.

I like to think that on this Rally Day that lighthouse has a message for us.

First, there is faithfulness. Day after day amid scenes of desolation and hardship it flashes its message of warning, not a night comes but its light shines out over that rocky, wave beaten coast. Faithful, always faithful.

Faithfulness to any task is a big thing. There are teachers, officers, boys, girls and young people here today on whom we can count for this coming year. We know they will be here, no matter what the weather. Storms won't keep them away; good times elsewhere will never tempt them. Their place on God's Day is here. They know it, and here they will be. What a fine school we should have, if every last one of us were like that.

And secondly, I like to think that Lighthouse says, "Watch out for little things." My light must shine every night. So to keep it bright, everything must be in order. Not a screw loose, nor a fuse missing, on which my light depends. My windows must be clean and bright, everyone, else my light can't get through. For promptly at sundown my light must shine out.

To be on time is not such a big thing or so very important you may think. Some of us are always here when our school assemblies. Kindergarten children will be in

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their place. Primary children in theirs, Juniors in theirs and so on through our whole school. But what about those on the outside of the doors, three minutes late, five minutes late, ten minutes late. Such a little thing to start from home on time, so as to be *here* on time. Day schools would not stand for tardiness and church schools should not have to either. To be a 100% school we can not be a tardy school.

And lastly that lighthouse advertizes itself. "Watch me," the light seems to say. "I'm a good 100% lighthouse, I am. See my light shine."

Do you ever advertize our school? How about those who do not go anywhere in your neighborhood, on your street. Do you talk to them about coming to our school? Speak of it as one of the best anywhere; tell of our good times together; every last good thing you can think of about us—never knock, always boost?

May God bless us as we go forward together for another year, with a firm determination that with his help it shall be a record year for us all.

GOD'S BENEFITS

It didn't seem possible that it was really Thanksgiving. No mince pies on the pantry shelf, no plum pudding steaming on the stove, and, worst of all, no turkey in the oven. Instead there was to be just lamb stew with dumplings for the Thanksgiving Dinner.

Mother had said it and Natalie knew it had to be that way this year. Yes, just had to be. It was this way. Daddy had been ill so long and though he was better now, oh, much better, still he could not work yet and there were big doctors' bills, of course. And then just that very Sunday, the one before Thanksgiving, their minister

had talked to all the children about "God's benefits,"—gifts, that is—"And forget not all his benefits," was the text, and he had asked them to write them down on paper to remind them to be thankful.

"Just as though we had things to be thankful for this year," said Natalie. "With us so poor and no turkey, not even ice cream, for our Thanksgiving dinner. There isn't one thing to be thankful for this year, I'm sure of that."

"Not anything, little daughter?" said Mother, "With Daddy getting better every day and all the rest of us well, with such good appetites that even lamb stew tastes fine, and——"

"Oh, things like that," said Natalie, "I don't call those benefits. Dr. Davis meant beautiful clothes and automobiles and turkey dinners and presents and, oh, well, you know." And Mother said no more just then.

But the very next day Natalie came in quite excited.

"What do you think, Mother. You remember Eleanor, the little girl that lives in that big apartment house? Well, today she was crying in school. I asked her what was the matter and she said her father and mother had gone away and she was alone for Thanksgiving. She says their maid is going to take her to the hotel for dinner. I should think she would like that, but she says she eats there so often she just hates to go."

"How would you like to invite Eleanor here for Thanksgiving dinner?" said Mother.

"I'd love to," said Natalie, "if only we didn't have to have stew."

"Just forget the dinner and think of lonely Eleanor and making her happy, and I know she will enjoy it," said mother.

So Thanksgiving Day saw a very happy Eleanor in Natalie's home; and would you believe it? She just loved

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the stew and besides there were sweet potatoes, cranberries, celery, and a baked custard. As a surprise Mother had made some delicious fudge. In the evening they sat around the fire, popped corn and roasted apples. And then Daddy told one of his funny stories. Then the lights went on, Mother went to the piano and they all sang, ending with the new hymn they had learned for Thanksgiving in the church school.

"Come over often, Eleanor," said Mother as they said good-bye.

"I would just love to," said Eleanor, "you have such good times in your home."

When Mother came to say good-night and tuck Natalie in her little bed, as she did every night, Natalie threw her arms around her and held her close.

"Mother Darling, I know now what Dr. Davis meant by 'God's benefits.' I'll just have a paper full of them to give him next Sunday. I'm so glad I'm not Eleanor, all alone in that big apartment, eating in hotels and worst of all no funny Daddy and Mother to kiss her good-night like you do me."

"Yes," said Mother, "I guess we have a good many benefits to thank God for after all."

"I know we have," said Natalie.

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For
WINTER, CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR'S,
VALENTINE'S DAY

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT OF LONG AGO

INTRODUCTION: Christmas comes this month. How many of you like to get Christmas presents? I am going to tell you a story this morning about one of the biggest and best Christmas presents that was ever made. It took a great many people all working together to give it. They were very poor with no money to spend, and at the time these people did not even know they were giving a Christmas present, but after I have finished the story I want you to tell me, what their Christmas present to us was.

THE STORY: It was Christmas Day, long, long ago. For days it had rained and sleeted and snowed. The driving rain had settled down on the hard bare ground into little pools of muddy water. The trees stretched their bare branches against a gray and lowering sky. As dawn broke one looked upon a strange, sad sight. The forms of soldiers could be dimly seen, soldiers everywhere. Soldiers sick, soldiers cold and hungry, soldiers wounded and suffering. Many might be seen lying on the bare ground, without a blanket or even straw to lie on. Some of them could be seen trying to erect tents against the cold, driving rain, while others kindled little fires and cowered over them for warmth. Hungry, cold, tired, and wounded, what a sad Christmas morning for these soldiers in their encampment for the winter at Valley Forge.

So thought our brave General Washington as slowly he passed among his troops, bringing to them what comfort he could. "Christmas Day," he thought, "oh, if only I had the money to buy presents for my brave men. There should be shelter and warm fires and comfortable clothing

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and good food. A fine pair of boots for each man, and such a splendid Christmas dinner, with turkey and cranberry sauce, and plum pudding for every man here."

Now though General Washington could give his soldiers none of these Christmas gifts that day, his smile was so brave and his words so kind, as he passed in and out among them, that his soldiers took heart again. And in their hearts they said, "We will yet live to win the fight, and our country shall be free."

And the years have proved it true. Today we live in a free and glorious country. It is our country because so many years ago that Christmas Day and during the long cold winter that followed, Washington and his heroic troops braved the dangers and sufferings at Valley Forge. Can you tell me the name of their great Christmas gift to us? Yes, our country, America. Let us never forget what our country has cost others that we may claim it ours, and so live that America may be proud to call us her children.

THE CHRISTMAS TOY-SHOP

APPROACH: (One or more simple Christmas toys may be shown.) What is it gives us greatest happiness at Christmas? Do you think that beautiful and expensive gifts always bring us the most joy? Listen to our story this morning and see what you think it really is.

THE STORY: It was night-time in a Christmas toy-shop. And such an array of toys as was there! There were big dolls, little dolls, and baby dolls, all waiting for their little mothers on Christmas morning. There were animals, all sizes and kinds, Teddy-bears, woolly sheep, barking dogs, and mewing pussycats. There were balls and drums and sleds and wagons, electric trains, and toy

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yachts. Hundreds of wonderful toys. Now these toys were all talking together, and such a hubbub as they made. They were talking about Christmas and where they were all going.

"They say," said a wonderful lady doll, "that on Christmas eve the children hang their stockings in a row and on Christmas morning they come down early and find them full of presents. See how beautiful I am and how happy I'll make some little girl, when she sees me."

"Wait till my new owner sees me," said a wonderful electric train, "that's all I've got to say." Then all the beautiful toys nodded their heads. "That's what we say too," said they all.

Now it chanced that way out of sight, in a far corner, was a funny little Jack-in-the-box, a tiny pink doll, and a little tin trumpet, with a gay red tassel. "Do you hear what those beautiful toys are saying?" they sighed. "We won't make any children glad. We're too common!"

"But some little girl will love me," said the tiny doll. "You never can tell," said the Jack-in-the-box. "I know I'll make some kiddy smile when he sees me jump."

Well, Christmas morning came at last, as it always does. Down the stairs in the great big house crept Hilda and Jack, to see their presents. The gorgeous pink lady-doll peeked gaily out from Hilda's stocking. "Oh, dear!" she said, in a disappointed tone, "look at that lady-doll, I have two already."

"Just look at that yacht," said Jack. "I wanted another electric train. What'll I ever do with a yacht. It's always that way with Christmas presents."

On a back street, far from the great big house, two other children crept down in the early morning to see their presents. "I could buy so little," sighed their mother. "I wanted to get a yacht and a lady-doll from the toy-shop but I hadn't the money." Then she heard the children.

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"Oh, Mary, see the lovely silver horn, toot! toot! toot!" shouted Tom.

"See my darling little pink dolly," said Mary. "And oh! here's a funny little man in his box, for baby. It's just what we wanted. It's always that way with Christmas presents."

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR A KING (For Christmas Sunday)

APPROACH: I wonder if there are any children here who feel that they could give a Christmas gift to a king. Do kings like Christmas presents? What would be your choice for a present? Our story this morning tells about a king and what two little children brought him, for their gift.

THE STORY: The little town of Bethlehem was awake early that morning, for a wonderful thing had happened. And now night-time had come and the people were still talking about it. Never had such a sight been seen before. For in the very early morning three great camels had ridden through the quiet streets. Their riders were in gorgeous apparel. Of every one they asked but one question. "Where is our king?" High above them in the heavens had been seen a golden star. The Bethlehem star shed its beams also over the little house of Joseph in Nazareth. And stranger still, 'twas here the kings dismounted, and carrying gold, and precious perfumes, even as for a king, had entered the little home. Later they rode away. "Yes, they had found their king," they said.

Mary and little Julius listened to it all. Had they too not seen the wonderful strangers? Had they not heard the "thump, thump" of the camels' feet and heard the tinkle of their silver bells? And, more wonderful still,

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had they not seen the kingly strangers enter the little house so like their own, carrying their wonderful gifts to the king?

"Mary, oh Mary," said little Julius, "could we but see the king. Could we but take him our gift too."

"But we are so poor," said Mary, "what gift would we take to a king?"

Sadly little Julius hung his head. No they had no gift fit to give a king, full well he knew. And then a sudden thought came to him. "Mary," he said, "we have our dear little white baby lamb. Surely the king would love our lamb." "Would you give our lamb," said Mary, "our little white lamb?"

"The king would love our lamb," faltered Julius. "It is all we have to give. Oh please let us go, Mary." Long and eagerly he pleaded.

And so it was that later in the week Mary and little Julius knocked timidly at the door of Joseph the carpenter. "Perhaps they will not let us in," said Mary, "we are only little children." But to their timid knock a young maiden responded, a lovely smile on her face. And when the children saw that smile, some way they were no longer afraid.

"We have come to see the king," said Julius. "See, we have our gift, our little white lamb. Please show us the king." The young maiden opened wide the door. "Come in," she said. Softly the children stepped inside, leading their little lamb. But where was the king? Eagerly they looked around. And then their eyes beheld a pure and holy light, and in that light there stood a simple cradle-bed. A cradle-bed in which there lay a lovely babe in quiet sleep.

The children drew near and bent over the babe in silent wonder. The little lamb laid his white head close

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to the sleeping babe, while the children smiled their joy. For they too had found the new-born king. They too had brought to him their gift.

BARBARA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

INTRODUCTION: (A few Christmas gifts appropriate for a family group may be shown, as candy box, book, toy, etc.) Can we give Christmas presents when we have no money to buy them? Barbara didn't think she could, but she found a way after all.

THE STORY: "Christmas is a time to show love for others and make them happy." That was what Barbara's teacher had said that very day. "But oh, dear," thought Barbara, "how can I show people I love them when I can't buy any Christmas presents?"

You see it was this way: Daddy had been sick so long that there were big bills to pay this year, and Barbara had agreed very cheerfully when they had talked it all over that this year, just this once, they would all be happy without presents. But just the same it was hard. "I just love to give presents, Mother, and make people happy just like our teacher said, but you just can't make people happy without presents."

"Do you think presents always have to cost money, little daughter?" said Mother.

"Why yes," said Barbara. "Stores charge money for presents always. I knew just what I wanted to give everybody this year too; a new ink-well for Daddy; a lovely sweet bottle of perfume for you; a school satchel for Jack; a ball for baby, and a lovely big bow for Dorothy's hair, for she never has enough, she says."

"Do you know," said Mother, "what would make Daddy happier than the handsomest ink-well you could

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buy? Bring home a perfect report for spelling and arithmetic!"

Barbara's face fell. "Oh, Mother," she said, "I just hate those subjects."

"I know you do," said Mother, "and so each month it is the same bad marks. Why not work hard from now to Christmas and see what a fine report you can bring home. Then we'll tie it up in a lovely Christmas envelop with holly berries."

"Just like a real present," said Barbara. "It *will* be a real present," said Mother, "perhaps you can think up some more presents like that to show people you love them." This was a new idea to be sure, presents without money, but she'd try it, anyway.

Almost right away she thought of something for Mother. On a lovely Christmas card she wrote very carefully, "I promise to wash and dry the dishes for Mother, for a whole week, and let her sit down and read right after dinner."

Well, there were the two people she loved best. Now what for Jack? How he did love hickory-nut candy. She remembered the attic had a big bag full of the nuts. She would crack them, pick out the meat and make the candy some evening when Jack was at his scout meeting. It was getting to be fun to think up presents with no money to spend. Now what could she give Dorothy? Dorothy had so many things. Then she remembered her little white pearl chain. It had come from the ten-cent store, and Dorothy had wanted one so badly, but when they went to buy it, they were all sold out and Dorothy was so disappointed. "I'll give her mine," thought Barbara, "and tie it up just like a real Christmas present." Now what could she give the baby? "I know," she said, "he just loves me to roll his ball for him and I never want to. I'll do it every night for a week for ten minutes."

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So there were Barbara's Christmas presents. The report was the very best she ever got in her life, but my, hadn't she worked for it! Daddy's eyes just shone when he opened the envelop and saw the fine marks, especially for the hated spelling and arithmetic. When Mother opened her envelop she said, "Won't that be fine; now I can read the club book that's due this week."

Jack shouted when he saw his fine box of candy, and Dorothy said, "Oh, Barbara, I just love my chain more than any of my other presents." And didn't Baby crow when Barbara sat down and began to roll his ball.

"It's been a wonderful Christmas, Mother," said Barbara. "Wasn't it splendid of Aunt Lucile to surprize us with that great box full of presents, just what we all wanted too."

"Yes," said Mother, "but your presents were the very best of all. They made us all so happy and showed each one how much you loved us!"

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR JESUS

INTRODUCTION: Christmas is someone's birthday. Who can tell us whose birthday Christmas is? Can we give Jesus any presents on his birthday? Listen to our story this morning that tells us how some little Mexican children in a mission-school gave Jesus a birthday present.

THE STORY: Just one week and then it would be Christmas! "What shall I ever do," thought Miss Turner. You see she was a missionary lady, down in Mexico, and Mexican children love Christmas presents just as all children do. But this year there could be no presents, not one, for there had been no crops that year, and the people were all fairly starving—just enough food to keep them alive; so Christmas presents could not be thought of. To

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be sure there was to be a Christmas program in the Sunday-school, and some of the children were very happy over that, but there were many more little Mexican children running around the streets who never went inside the Sunday-school, poorer even than the Sunday-school children. What could be done for them? The missionary lady thought and thought. "Oh, I know," she said, "my Sunday-school children can repeat their Christmas program and invite all those other little children to come and hear the songs and stories. The school will hold at least two hundred. We will give out tickets, and get them to come." But oh, how Miss Turner wanted to give those dear hungry little Mexican children all a Christmas present.

"I know what I can do," she said at last. "I will take all the money I have been saving to buy Christmas presents to send back to America, and just use it for these children. My dear ones will be glad to go without my gifts just this one year, and how glad it will make Jesus on his birthday to see those little children, each with a real Christmas present." She planned to give candy, yes, and oranges, and Mexican tortillas, which are like our bread; but you see the children were so hungry that even a piece of bread would seem fine to them.

At last by using every penny of her money and sending out far and wide Miss Turner had oranges and chocolate and sugar that she made into splendid candy. She made hundreds of tortillas. Then she took the mosquito netting off her bed and made cunning little bags to hold all the goodies. At the very last minute a man came with nuts to sell, so her Christmas bags were complete, two hundred and twenty-five in all.

When Christmas afternoon came the street was filled with children, big children, middle-sized children, little children, babies with their mothers, all pushing and crowd-

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ing, eager to get into the Christmas program. In their hands were held tight the precious tickets that said they might go in. Soon all were seated. The twenty-five Sunday-school children who were to give the program filed on the platform, and began their first hymn, "Away in a Manger." How beautifully they sang it, and how eagerly those little guests listened, first to the hymn and then to the story of the first Christmas with baby Jesus born in a manger.

And after that Miss Turner came on the platform and told them all more about this Jesus and his love for everyone of them. Then she bowed her head and prayed with them all. It was the very first prayer those children had ever heard.

Then came the wonderful surprise! Big baskets of candy bags, one for each little brown hand. Oh, no, not quite all; some way twenty-five more children had squeezed into the front seats than there were bags, so there were twenty-five eager little hands held out and no candy bags to put in them! Oh, what ever could be done? The Sunday-school children who had given the program, were in another room rejoicing in their candy bags. Slowly Miss Turner went in to them. Oh, how sad she was at heart. "Listen, my little children," she said, "twenty-five children got into that other room who had no tickets and so there are no candy bags for them. Will you ——," she got no further, for with that twenty-five little Mexican hands went out, each holding a precious candy bag, their one Christmas gift, while twenty-five eager voices said, "take mine, take mine, Senorita, don't let them go home sorry."

I wonder if Jesus ever had a birthday present that made him so happy as those dear little Mexican children gave him that afternoon. What do you think?

(Adapted from *Here and There Stories*, Congregational Education Society.)

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MAGIC MUSIC

(For Christmas Sunday. Adapted for use, with permission of Rev. W. B. Oliver, Pastor First Cong. Church, Lynn, Mass.)

INTRODUCTION: How many of you know how to play magic music? Listen to the way Bruce and Dot played it on Christmas Day.

THE STORY: It was Christmas Eve. The big tree sparkling with tinsel ornaments stood all in readiness. "Oh, dear," said Dot, "I wish it would hurry and be Christmas. I can't wait to see our presents, can you, Bruce?"

"Let's think of something to do. Oh, I've thought of something. It's lots of fun. 'Magic Music' it's called, it's a new game."

"How do you play it?" asked Dot.

"Well, you hide something and somebody plays the piano, loudly if you're far away, and very softly if you're near it, and that's the way you find it."

"We couldn't play it now 'cause Mother's busy; but say, Dot, let's play it tomorrow with our Christmas presents."

"How?" said Dot.

"Why, Mother and Daddy can hide our presents and then Mother will play for us to find them, and we'll hide Daddy's and Mother's things and you can play your school march for them to find theirs," said Bruce.

"Oh, that'll be fun!" said Dot, "let's ask Mother."

Mother said she thought it would be fun too, and what a merry time they all had hiding the presents. On Christmas morning all gathered in the living-room for the new game.

"What'll we do about Carol!" said Bruce, "she won't know how to find her presents by music, she is too little."

"We'll lead her," said Dot, and so the fun began.

Little Carol was soon led to her pile near by and easy to find. And just what a baby would love to have too. A doll, a big red ball, a picture-book, a cute little woolly dog that said "Bow wow." Then came Dot's turn. Hers were not so easy to find. First the music was soft, then suddenly grew loud, then soft again. But finally Mother stopped playing and that meant Dot was there. In the waste-basket Dot found the roller skates she so wanted, a dear little red dress and hat, and a shiny bag to carry with it, with one dollar inside, and a gay little handkerchief. Then the music began again and Bruce took his turn. He had to go way back in Daddy's den, before the music stopped for him. There he found a splendid scout knife, a flexible flyer, shiny new skates, and a fine new overcoat.

Then Daddy and Mother took their turn, and Dot played her march in great shape. Mother was so happy over Dot's embroidered towel and the writing paper from Bruce, and Daddy said the new blotter and calendar for his desk were just what he wanted too.

"Let's play magic music every single Christmas," said Dot.

"Yes, let's," said Bruce.

It was Christmas time years and years ago. Again there is magic music, such wonderful music. Angels are singing a heavenly song. The song tells of a Christmas gift. "Go, go quickly," speaks a voice, "and find the Christmas present that is waiting for all the world."

So the shepherds left their sheep on the hillside, and sped through the quiet streets till they came to a stable back of the village inn. And there they found God's Christmas gift for all the world. The precious baby Jesus!

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THE STORY OF A GREAT CHRISTMAS PICTURE

(For use with this service it is urged that a copy of Raphael's Sistine Madonna be displayed, secured from some library, school, church or home, or a good copy without detail, sufficiently large for use with a medium-sized group may be secured for ten cents from the Perry Picture Co., Malden, Mass., with five or more copies ordered.)

INTRODUCTION: (Two or three Christmas cards and postals may be shown.)

When Christmas comes we think of pictures always. What should we ever do without the lovely Christmas cards and postals that come to us through the mails from our friends and make us all so glad? Of them all there is one picture we will always see at Christmas time. It is a picture of Mary, holding little Jesus in her arms. It is called the Sistine Madonna, and was painted by a great artist named Raphael. (Show picture.)

Let us listen to the story of this Christmas picture.

THE STORY: Away back, as long as he could remember, little Raphael had watched his father working away painting his beautiful pictures. It was a proud day for him when his father first allowed him to wash the brushes with which he worked, and sometimes even help mix the colors for his palet. And day after day as Raphael watched his father at work, he would say to himself, "Some day I shall be just like father. I will paint pictures too." And it all came true. One day, Raphael now grown to be quite a lad, stood before the great master-artist Perugino. In his hand he held some of his drawings for Perugino to look over. How fast his heart beat. Scarcely did he dare lift his eyes to the great master's face. Suppose he should not be worthy to become this great man's pupil! Oh, what should he do then? But

from the very first glance at Raphael's drawings Perugino recognized a great artist and already he loved this eager youth so anxious to work hard and succeed with his art. So now we see Raphael the beloved pupil of the great Perugino. "A pupil now, but soon he will be my master," thought Perugino as he watched the boy at work.

And so the years passed happily and Raphael did indeed become one of the very greatest of all artists. I think it must have been because he never forgot his lovely young mother and happy childhood that Raphael loved best of all to paint young mothers with babies in their arms. We can not begin to talk about all the lovely pictures of this sort Raphael painted. We can speak of just one.

Every Christmas time we see this picture in store windows, on the covers of magazines, on Christmas cards, on the walls of churches and schools, and in our homes. It is Raphael's last, best known, and most loved picture. It is called the "Sistine Madonna."

Raphael did not know at the time he painted it that it was to be his last picture, for he died when quite a young man. But it is just as though he had said, "I want to give a Christmas present to all the world; what shall it be?" Then he thought, "I will paint a picture of the very first Christmas present that was ever given, the Holy Child of Bethlehem. I will paint the most beautiful face I can find for the young Virgin Mother Mary, and in her arms she shall be holding her first-born son, the baby Jesus."

And to-day, here, we have this lovely picture, Raphael's Christmas present to us all.

THE VALENTINE PARTY

INTRODUCTION: (One or two pretty valentines may be shown.) Who can tell us what these are? How many

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children like to get valentines? How many of you expect to go to a valentine party in a week or so? Our story this morning is about a valentine party.

THE STORY: There was to be a valentine party after school. A big red valentine box stood on a table in the hall for the children to drop their valentines in after playing games, and after all the children had had ice-cream and cake, the big red box would be opened, and the children would get their valentines. How exciting it would be!

"Let's see," said Jack, "I guess I'll need to send about eight. I guess that is as many as I'll get."

"I think I'll get about ten," said Barbara, "but I won't send that many. I wonder if that funny new boy will come. I don't suppose anybody'll send him a valentine, do you, Jack?"

"I don't believe so," said Jack, "he's been there such a little while, and none of us know him."

"Who is this funny new boy?" said Mother. "Why," said Jack, "he's just a boy that came about a week ago. He's foreign, and some of the boys call him Dago. He's awfully poor in lessons too, and to-day he cried when he had to read and some of the children laughed."

"That was cruel," said Mother. "Suppose you had to read in Italian, how well would you do it? I wish there might be some valentines for him in the box."

"We might put two of our old ones in," said Barbara. "Probably he'd like them, 'specially if he does not have any." Just then the "quarter of" bell rang and both children were off.

When they got to school there was the new boy standing all alone, while excited groups of children talked eagerly of the coming party.

Lessons went on as usual that day, but the teacher did not call again on the new boy to read and the day ended

uneventfully, except for the valentines that dropped at intervals into the big red box.

After school Jack and Barbara started for home. "Oh, Jack, here he goes," said Barbara. "Ask him if he's going to the valentine party. We've got those two old ones to give him, you know."

"Hello, you coming to the valentine party?" called Jack. The boy waited till the children came up, then said, "No, nobody wants me to come."

"You'll get two valentines," said Jack, "I saw them." The boy looked surprised. "But my father he very poor. I no money to buy valentines to put in box. I very sorry. It makes me feel sad to put none in the big box." Here was a new thought. This boy seemed only sorry he had no valentines to give, he did not seem to mind not getting any.

Just here the children must separate, Jack and Barbara for their home and the new boy for his.

"Watch for the traffic cop, children, and wait for his signal." How often mother had said it! But this time the children were sure they could cross. No autos were in sight, so they started, then quicker than it takes to tell a big truck came around the corner and seemed to bear right down on Barbara, poor terrified little Barbara now a third of the way across. Jack ran back to the sidewalk, while people screamed in terror. Then suddenly a small black form darted out like lightning from the sidewalk, seized Barbara and dragged her away from the big truck. There was a shriek of big brakes and Barbara was saved!

"And, Mother, who do you think it was saved her?" said Jack. "It was the new boy. His name's Pedro. People said he was the bravest thing they ever saw and afterwards we couldn't even find him, to thank him. He just ran off." "We must find out all about him," said mother, as she clasped Barbara close. "The best way we

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can thank him is by being his friends and showing him how much we love him."

"I'm going out this very minute to buy him the finest valentine I can find," said Jack. "I'm going to buy him two," said Barbara.

The tale of Pedro's bravery spread rapidly through the school and when that big red box was opened at the party, Pedro found himself a hero with both hands full of valentines, and surrounded by eager children showing their friendship in every way they could.

"I guess he was about the happiest boy there, Mother," said Jack, "even if he didn't have any valentines to give, for he couldn't help knowing we all think he's fine."

JACK'S YESTERDAYS

INTRODUCTION: This is the very last Sunday of our old year. How many days make a year? Jack got to thinking about his yesterdays one night before he went to sleep. Listen to what happened.

THE STORY: The children had been talking about the Old Year as they sat before the fire having a little good-night talk with Mother. "Tomorrow will be New Years and I am glad of it," said Jack. "Three hundred sixty-five new days. I'll be nine years old before it ends, and in the fourth grade. I love new years."

"Do you ever think about the yesterdays, all the three hundred sixty-five days that have gone?" said Mother.

"I had rather think about the new ones that are coming," said Jack.

"Where do all the yesterdays go, Mother?" asked little Barbara.

"They go back to God," said Mother. "He takes care of them all. Someday I think we shall see them

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again." And that was all just then, but later after Jack was in bed he got to thinking it over. His yesterdays, would he like to meet them again? There was that day when—and just then he heard a voice say, "If you would like to see some of your yesterdays, Jack, come with me. I know just where they are." Jack turned and saw standing right by his bed a fairy being all in shining white.

"I am Memory," she said, "follow me." And then Jack felt himself being caught up and flying through the air with lightening speed, up, up, up they flew—till Jack's breath was almost gone. At last they stopped and Jack found himself in what seemed a great hall.

"This way," said Memory, and she opened a door in that hall to a large room, quite dark, with rows and rows of seats.

"Sit here," said Memory, "and watch for the pictures. They are your yesterdays." Soon they began to appear.

"Why, they are moving pictures," said Jack, "and they are all about me." Sure enough, in the first picture he saw a boy running fast with skates over his arm. Oh, he remembered that day; he would never forget it—Mother said, "No, the ice is too thin, don't risk it Jack." But Jack disobeyed, the ice gave way, he nearly drowned. Jack shut his eyes tight. "I don't want to see any more pictures like that," he said, but they kept on coming, one after the other. There he was starting for school and Barbara calling for him to wait. Boys called him "sissy" when he walked with Barbara, but he didn't care. He'd let her come with him anyway. Why, he loved Barbara. He was glad to see that picture! And then came another—Mother was looking so proud, the words under the picture said, "Jack tells the truth—" He remembered how easy it would have been to lie that day in school. It would have saved him a lot of trouble, but he owned up

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to breaking the window, and promised to earn the money to pay for it. Yes, he surely was glad of that yesterday.

And so the pictures flashed before his eyes. Some made him happy, oh, very happy. He was glad to remember the good report days, the days he remembered to wash his hands for dinner and didn't fuss. There was that Sunday he got the medal in Church School for perfect attendance; that was a wonderful yesterday! But others he shut his eyes and just would not look. Oh, why did he track mud all through the house so often, leave his clothes for Mother to pick up, tease Barbara and make her cry? He hated to look at those yesterdays. And then at last came a picture; it was the very worst one of all. It was the yesterday he said those awful things to Mother. He didn't mean them; he loved Mother. Why had he said them? "I won't look," he cried, "I won't, I won't," when snap went the reel. The film broke with a bang. The light came on and there was Mother kissing him good morning. She had rolled up the shade and the sun was pouring into his room.

"Good morning, son," she said. "The happy New Year is here. Don't be late for breakfast, will you?" Jack thought of his yesterday pictures.

"I'm going to be on time every day this year," he said and seizing his clothes he dressed with record speed.

ELIZABETH ANN'S FRIEND

INTRODUCTION: February is the month that especially reminds us of our friends. What is a friend? What do friends do for one another? What does it mean when we say that boy or girl is my friend?

Our story this morning tells of a man who was never too busy to be a friend, if he could only help some one.

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Elizabeth Ann was in great trouble, but he was her friend, and helped her out.

THE STORY: It was a cold February day. A tall thin man was walking briskly along the road. He wore a tall high hat, a woollen scarf around his neck and his hands were thrust deep into his pockets. "A cold day to be out," he thought, "I'll be glad when I can get back to my fire."

Just then his attention was attracted to a most unusual sight. He saw a small black trunk at the side of the road, and seated on the trunk, her face hidden in her hands, was a small girl. She was crying, yes, crying hard. The tall man was certain of it. What could be the matter? If there was one thing he could not bear, it was to see children unhappy. He must help. So he came near and said, "What is the matter? Can I help? Please don't cry!"

But the little girl just kept right on crying, the tears running down her rosy cheeks. Indeed she was crying so hard she never once saw the tall stranger standing near. So, once more the kind voice said, "Please, little girl, won't you tell me what the matter is?" And then Elizabeth Ann looked up. How ashamed she felt to have this strange man see her crying. So she stopped and, twisting her little handkerchief into a ball, looked down at her shiny black shoes. And then for the third time the kindly stranger said, "What makes you cry?"

Elizabeth Ann lifted her eyes to the tall stranger's face. He looked so kind she decided to tell him her trouble.

"Please, Sir, it's Farmer Smith," she said.

"What did Farmer Smith do?" said the man.

"He—he forgot me," said Elizabeth Ann, "and oh," beginning to cry again, "now I can't get the train to take me to Betsy Jane's house."

"Well," said the stranger, "perhaps we can manage

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some other way. Tell me, are you a good walker?" "Oh, yes," said Elizabeth Ann. "But I can't leave my trunk. It has my new red dress in it for the party, and lots of things. I can't go without my trunk."

"Well, of course you can't," said the tall man, "but that's easily managed." And stooping he lifted the little black trunk to his shoulder. "Now come," he said, "let me see what a good walker you are."

Elizabeth Ann slipped her hand trustingly into that of the kind stranger and started off down the road, Elizabeth Ann taking her little fast, short steps and the tall stranger walking along with his easy stride.

Now I know you will be so glad to hear that they got there in plenty of time for the train and Elizabeth Ann wore her red dress to the party the very next day. But it was not till many years after that she learned that the tall kindly stranger was none other than our great President Lincoln, who was never too busy or in too much of a hurry to help any body he could, even an unhappy little girl by the roadside.

A HYMN WRITTEN FOR CHILDREN

A THOUGHT for leader:

Ye who help a child help humanity with a distinctness which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly give again.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

APPROACH:—(Show the Church or Church school hymnal.)

How hard it would be, if we had no hymns to sing in our churches and church schools. But songs and hymns would mean very little to us without words. There are

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many of God's master workmen who have been great poets, but today we are to learn about one man, who wrote some beautiful words for his church school children to sing, and this is the story.

THE STORY: There it stands, day after day, just outside Trinity Church in Boston, the great statue of Bishop Brooks. Just as he used to preach from his pulpit inside the church, so he stands today, carved in marble outside his church, and looks into the faces of the passersby. All his life long, Phillips Brooks loved people, but I think he loved children best of all, and even today, hundreds of them on their way to school, or even in their play, have stopped and looked into his kind good face, and felt, "He is our friend." I could tell you many stories that showed Bishop Brooks was a friend to children, but we have time for only two this morning.

Once a very poor woman in Bishop Brooks' Church became ill. The doctors finally said, "I can do nothing more for you. What you need is to get out of doors into fresh air and sunshine." "I cannot do this," said the woman, "for I have no one to leave with my little children." Well Bishop Brooks heard about it, and decided at once he must do something about it. I suppose you think he inquired around to find some woman he might send to them and he would pay her for going. No, the very next day the Bishop went himself to the woman and said, "Let me stay with your children, while you go out." And so the woman went, and the Bishop played with the children till she got back and they had a splendid time together.

Of course a man whom children loved, was very dear to big people as well. So one day people of Trinity Church said, "What can we do to show our love for our dear Bishop?" Then they said, "We will give him a year's vacation and send him off in a big ship to Europe." And

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so it was that one Christmas Eve, Bishop Brooks found himself in the little town of Bethlehem where Jesus was born so many years ago.

He walked in the fields where the shepherds heard the angels sing; he stood in the old Bethlehem Church, close to the very spot where the baby Jesus lay in a manger; he listened to the hymns of praise that kept ringing out upon the clear air; he saw the little children of Bethlehem as they made ready to celebrate Christmas. And as he saw them so busy at work it made him think of his own dearly loved boys and girls in Trinity Church, and that very day he sat down and wrote them a letter.

Two years later, again it was Christmas time, and now Bishop Brooks was back home with his Church School Children. Again he thought of his wonderful Christmas Eve in Bethlehem, he remembered the quiet streets of the little town, the dark blue sky with stars; the quiet shepherd fields, and then Bishop Brooks said, "I will write the children of my church school a Christmas hymn for them to sing." And this is the hymn he wrote:

"Oh little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie."

(Read to children from hymnal)

And at Christmas time when we sing this hymn, let us remember great Bishop Brooks, the children's friend, who wrote this hymn for them to sing, and who all his life long was one of God's most loved master workmen.

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For
SPRING AND EASTER

EASTER WITH MORAVIAN BOYS AND GIRLS

INTRODUCTION: In Bethlehem, Pa., there live people who call themselves Moravians. They are known the world over for their beautiful celebration of Easter—a celebration that lasts a whole week.

Let us imagine you are Moravian girls and boys this morning, and see what you would do to celebrate Easter.

On Palm Sunday, one week before Easter Sunday, with hundreds of other school children you would go to the great Moravian Church. Here you would find pews reserved for you and your teachers. The church would be made beautiful with palms and greens in festive profusion. The service would seem very real. Almost you would think you could see Jesus as he rides along in lowly triumph, the people shouting his praise. Almost you would see yourself waving your palm branch, and spreading your garment for Jesus to ride over as he passes by into the city. "Hosanna to the son of David," you feel yourself cry out with those eager followers on that long-ago day. King Jesus is very real to you and later you stand with many other Moravian girls and boys at the great altar, and pledge your life in his service.

As the days come and go through the week you would see the people going to the church. Every day in your home you would hear just what Jesus did on that day in his life.

When Good Friday came you would listen to the story of Jesus crucified. When Saturday came you would see the Moravian people celebrate their "love feast," as they call it. They remember the last supper when Jesus

served his disciples himself—washing their feet, and passing the bread and wine. So the Moravian people show they love one another, and in memory of what Jesus did pass bread and coffee. As they eat together they pledge themselves to love and serve each other always, even as Jesus taught.

Nearer and still nearer dawns the day of joy and triumph, the holy joyous Easter Sunday. Hundreds of people will stay up all night in the church, waiting for the dawn to break. You wish you might stay up too. You are sure you will not sleep, for there is an air of hushed expectancy everywhere and you realize something wonderful will soon happen. You want to stay up and see it happen, but Moravian children must go to bed and before you know it you are asleep.

Then quite suddenly you are wide awake. It is very dark. You hear the clock strike three; then you hear music, wonderful music. Where does it come from? You start up in bed, you listen. It is the great trombone choir playing in the streets. "Awake, ye people all," the trombone seems to call. "Awake, for Easter day is here." You spring from bed and soon join the people thronging the streets. With other boys and girls you enter the church, made beautiful with Easter flowers. You hear the choir give forth a joyous message, "Christ is risen, is risen from the dead." Then with the great congregation you pass out to the cemetery to await the sunrise. All faces are now turned toward the East. Slowly the sky lightens. A faint pink deepens to crimson, to blue, to gold. As the sun rises, the trombones, the choir, and the great congregation break into triumphant song.

"Hallelujah, Christ is risen, Hallelujah." Amen.

The sun breaks in golden glory upon the vast kneeling multitude. Easter Day is here, they feel it. Christ is risen from the dead, they know it. He lives and reigns

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their King triumphant forevermore. And so the service ends. With other Moravian boys and girls you go to your home. You think. "Jesus my King lives. I will serve him as long as I live."

THE STORY OF THE DRAGON-FLIES¹

INTRODUCTION: How many of you have ever seen some of the dark little grubs that live in the bottom of small bodies of water? One of these little grubs will give us our children's sermon this morning.

THE STORY: There they all were talking away at a great rate at the very bottom of the big pond, a family of curious little grubs.

"What I want to know is this," said the liveliest one, "what kind of a world it is on top of our pond?"

"I've often wondered," said another, "and I tried to get up there, but couldn't make it."

"Let's stay content where we are," said the oldest grub. "If we knew it might not make us happy. I don't want to know."

"But I do," persisted the first grub, "and I and I," echoed two others.

"Well, here comes Mr. Frog, ask him," said the oldest grub, "he goes up there every day. He can tell us."

The old frog blinked his great eyes and looked very wise. "Oh, it's a wonderful world, if you really want to know," he said. "Nothing like the bottom of this pond. There's sunshine and blue sky and flowers and green grass and rocks and trees."

"It must be wonderful," sighed the grubs. "If we could only go."

"Well," said the frog, "I believe you do, when you are

¹ Adapted from Mrs. Gatty's "Not Lost, but Gone Before."

ready. I saw a wonderful sight up there this very day. It was one of you grub fellows I saw there. I was hopping about on the edge of the pond and what should I see but one of you grubs on a polished stalk of a bull-rush. He was making his way slowly up into the sunshine when suddenly, I can't tell how it happened, a big crack came in his body. Then he began to struggle and while I looked at him there came out of his cracked coat a radiant dragon-fly with gauzy wings and shiny body. Off he flew into the sunshine, but the grub was gone. I saw him no more."

At this tale the grub family fairly gasped with astonishment.

"It's just a fairy-tale," said the oldest grub.

"If we only knew," said the smallest grub.

"You'll know some day, all right," said the frog as he hopped away.

Not long after the oldest grub said to the others, "Friends, I feel very strange. Something tells me I am going up to the other world, on top of our pond."

"Oh, will you come back and tell us what you find?" asked the others. "Be certain of it," said the oldest grub. "And even if I don't come back, remember this, I will never forget you. I'll be there in the sunshine waiting for you to come to me." So he said good-bye to all the rest and they watched him go up, up slowly out of sight.

"He is sure to come back," they said. "We can count on it." But the days passed and he didn't come. "What can have happened?" asked the grubs in the bottom of the pond. "He must have died in that world above the pond."

"I think he is a dragon-fly," said the wisest grub. "I believe some day we'll all be dragon-flies, and when we get to the top we will find him waiting for us there in the sunshine. He can never forget us, he loved us too much." And so it was, as one by one the grubs said good-bye to

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the others and left for the world above the pond, they found the grubs that had gone before waiting for them and flying about, radiant dragon-flies joyously happy in God's glorious sunshine.

PRIMROSE MEADOW IN SPRINGTIME

INTRODUCTION: How many children enjoy a rainy day? I suppose you all do, but tell me, could you welcome a good hard rain if it kept you from doing something you very much wanted to do? April showers keep us from doing things we want to do very often. Listen to what Jack and Barbara had to say about it.

THE STORY: "If it doesn't rain," over and over the children said the words as they looked out of the window. The plan was this—to go in the car after Daddy got back from the office and have a picnic supper out in Primrose Meadow. Primrose Meadow was ten miles away, outside the city limits, and a favorite place for picnics. Some big trees, a clear little brook where in summer time the children could wade, and lots of lovely green grass made the place ideal for all sorts of jolly good times.

"If it doesn't rain, yes, but it will, I know it will," said Barbara, as she watched the clouds dubiously.

"It's sure to rain if we want to go anywhere. It always does," said Jack. "Rain, how I hate it."

"I do too," said Barbara. And so they watched the clouds as the day passed. And sure enough, about noon a few drops of rain came pattering down.

"Maybe it's just an April shower," said Mother hopefully. But no, an hour later the few drops had changed into a steady downpour that made all thoughts of the picnic supper impossible for that Saturday.

Barbara was almost in tears, and frowns instead of

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smiles were on the face of both Jack and Barbara as they watched the steady downpour. "It's hateful to always have rain when we want to go to places," they said.

"Another week will be even better for a picnic, for spring will be that much further along," said Mother.

"But we wanted to go today," said the children.

It was just a week later. How warm the sun shone! How blue were the skies. Just a perfect afternoon for a picnic. Daddy got home extra early. Mother packed the big picnic basket, Jack and Barbara carried it out to the car, and soon they were off. It did not take long to leave city sights and sounds far behind and soon they came to Primrose Meadow. What a sight met their eyes! Every branch on the great trees, every twig on every bush, was alive with tender green. "Oh," said the children, "we never saw our meadow so beautiful before."

"It was that warm spring rain we had last Saturday," said Mother, "that has brought out the leaves so wonderfully."

"Oh, I love the rain," said Barbara. "I do, too," said Jack.

And Mother and Daddy looked at one another, but they didn't say one word. And Jack and Barbara scampered off in the sunshine.

THE PRISONER AND THE FLOWER

INTRODUCTION: (Some flowers or a plant may be shown.) There is one thing that spring always brings us—we begin to see them everywhere, in gardens, in shops—what are they? Who is glad to see the flowers come again? How many of you have gardens? How many of you have ever had a plant all your own and watched it grow? Did you do anything to help it blossom?

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Our story this morning tells what one little plant once did to change the life of a prisoner.

THE STORY: Up and down, up and down he paced in the narrow court-yard, hate in his heart and despair looking from his eyes, for Charney was a prisoner and there seemed no hope for him. Day after day as he paced his narrow cell or the narrow court-yard he lived over again the fate that brought him here. For Charney was a French prisoner of long ago, judged falsely to be a traitor to his emperor Napoleon, and because of enemies who swore falsely against him he had been flung into the dungeon. "No hope, no hope," he thought day after day, and anger surged hot within him because of the injustice that had brought him here.

Now it chanced one day as he paced up and down he noticed a tiny green shoot that was struggling for life between two stones in the court-yard. How it came there he could not tell. Perhaps the wind had blown a seed over the prison wall, perhaps someone had dropped it there. It was such a tiny plant, yet lifted itself so bravely, determined to free itself from the stone that held it. Charney was deeply touched. Here was something alive, like himself, a prisoner too, yet unlike himself brave and determined to do its very best; to live its life in spite of the prison that held it. So Charney adopted the little plant for his own. Some days he contrived to carry a little water from his cell and moisten its leaves when wilted from the heat of the sun that shone so hot in the court-yard. One day a terrible hail storm threatened its life and Charney gave it shelter and saved it from destruction by bending over it and shielding it with his own body till the storm had passed.

And the little plant seemed to respond to the prisoner's love and grew each day, putting out leaves of lovely green, until it had become a sturdy plant. One day Charney

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noticed some buds and his joy became unbounded. He watched eagerly for them to open and counted the hours when flowers might appear. And as his love and interest grew Charney became a changed man. Hatred died from his heart as love for his little plant took its place. He now had something to live for, as each day he would think, "I wonder how it will look today." And as the flowers slowly unfolded into pure white blossoms with golden centers, he came once more to trust in God's love and care. God alone could make such lovely flowers as these. God loved his plant, and God loved him.

Now it chanced, as the days passed, the wife of Napoleon (the Empress Josephine) heard of Charney and how devoted he was to the plant in the prison yard. Loving flowers herself she determined to see this prisoner who loved them also. So one day she visited Charney, saw his plant, and heard from his own lips the story of how he came there, through no fault of his. After listening to him Josephine became certain that Charney was no traitor to his country. Long and earnestly she talked to Napoleon with the result that one happy day Charney left the prison a free man. In his arms he carried the little plant that had taught him of God's care and love, and won him his freedom. It lived for years in Charney's garden and every spring it bloomed anew, shedding perfume far and wide, and every day that Charney looked upon it, it seemed to repeat the lesson it taught him in the prison yard: "God loves and cares for you Charney. God cares and always will."

A GIFT OF EASTER EGGS

APPROACH: A pasteboard or candy Easter egg, or a real egg, colored for Easter gift.

INTRODUCTION: How many of you have ever received

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presents of Easter eggs? What started this idea of giving eggs as Easter presents? Our story will tell you.

THE STORY: A cruel war was raging.

The Duchess Von Lindenberg was compelled to flee from her home for safety. She took with her her two small children and one servant and, seeking a quiet mining village in the mountains, she settled down in peace and safety. The villagers were very kind and gave of their best for the comfort of the duchess and her family. But even so, the food was very poor. No meat was to be found, seldom any fish, and not even eggs. The villagers had never heard of such a thing as eggs.

The duchess determined she would secure some hens herself and it was not long after when the village children were delighted to see mother hens, with their broods of fluffy, downy little chicks, in the garden of the duchess and they became great friends.

Now Easter was coming. Often the duchess would say, "How I wish I had something to give the village children for an Easter present. These people have all been so kind to me." But what could she give them? She had nothing for gifts, not even an apple or a handful of nuts. Many days she thought it over.

One day a happy idea came. "Now I know what I can do to make them happy," she said. On Easter Sunday she sent word for all the children to meet at her house, right after church, and you may be sure every child in the village was there.

The duchess met them at the door. "Come with me," she said, and led them to a small woods back of her house. "Now make nests of the moss and leaves and when you have made them as pretty as you can, come back to my garden." The children worked away merrily. On their return a feast was spread for them in the garden, with a

small egg cake at each plate. "Now return to the woods and see what you will find," said the duchess.

And what do you think! Each little nest had five beautiful eggs in it. Red, green, blue, pink, and orange. Oh, how the children danced with joy. They were the very first Easter eggs that were ever given by anybody. The idea soon spread and today thousands of children the world over are made happy at Easter time with gifts of beautifully colored Easter eggs.

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For
SUMMER AND CHILDREN'S DAY

SEEING WITH HER FINGERS

INTRODUCTION: Summer is here once more. How many children are glad when summer comes? Let us name some of the things we can see that make us glad. Now let us name some of the things we can hear that make us glad. What are some of the things we love to do in the summer-time?

Now I want you to shut your eyes tight and put your fingers in your ears, so you can not hear one sound. What would summer be like to you then? Would you care if the flowers bloomed, the birds sang, the sun shone warm and bright, if you could not see or hear? But I am going to tell you about a little girl, who when she was very small, was so ill that she lost her sight, her hearing, and her power to speak. Yet we shall find her joyously happy, and never more so than when out-of-doors in God's beautiful world. Here is her story.

THE STORY: Helen Keller is our little girl's name. We must not forget that she is deaf, that she can not see, nor could she say one word. Yet even so we do not find her unhappy. As a tiny girl she would feel her way around the lovely garden that surrounded her home. Sometimes she would wander around for hours, feeling the different flowers and seeing them with her fingers. Sometimes picking roses and smelling their perfume. This was all she could do in her garden, yet it made her happy, just to do that. When only five years old, she learned to fold and put away the clean clothes for her mother. She learned very soon to run upstairs, yes run, and get many things for her mother, and all this without sight or hearing. Could

you be happy, would you run and help your mother if you could not see or hear? But even so, life grew harder all the time for Helen. She could not speak, she could not hear what was being said to her, and she could see no one.

But God did not forget Helen. One day he sent her a wonderful teacher, to live with her and show her how she could not only see with her fingers, but learn to talk with them, too. This teacher, Miss Sullivan, came when Helen was seven and stayed with her till she was grown up. She taught her how to talk as well as to see with her fingers, by spelling words into her hand, she taught her to understand what other people were saying, by laying her fingers on their lips.

When Helen was eight years old, she was taken on a fine trip to Boston, and what a splendid time she had there. She visited Bunker Hill Monument, climbed the many, many steps to the very top, and counted them every one. She visited Plymouth and had her first journey on a steamboat. She learned about the brave Pilgrims and put her little hand on the great rock they landed on. And oh, the wonderful ocean that was there! To be sure she could not see or hear the great waves, but for the very first time, she put her hands in the real ocean and felt the warm waves come rolling in. So slowly, day by day, Helen learned of the beauties and wonders of our Father's world. And even though she has never seen the stars, the moon, the sun, the trees, the flowers, and all the many things that make us love the summer-time, yet if you were to see her today, she could tell you all about them. She has traveled everywhere, met great people, and learned to talk out loud. She has even gone to college and graduated with high honors. Today she has grown to be a woman whom everyone loves, for Miss Keller loves everyone she meets. Most of all she loves God our Father. She never thinks about being deaf and blind. Always

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she is grateful that she is alive in this wonderful world he has made and that she has learned to see it all with her fingers.

As we name over God's great workmen, I am sure we will all say, Miss Helen Keller is one of the greatest of them all.

CHILDREN MAKE GOD'S HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

INTRODUCTION: Can children help make God's house beautiful? Our story will tell us about some children and their plan for Children's Day.

THE STORY: It was Easter time. The great church had been made beautiful with lovely Easter lilies and palms. But the children's eyes were fastened on some rows of tiny red pots in which grew little green plants. Full well they knew that when the service ended, each one of them would receive a plant to carry home. Then when June would come, bringing Children's Day, they would bring them back again, to help make God's house beautiful once more.

"You know children," said their minister, as the children reached out eager hands for their plants, "we are all counting on your love and care to help these plants grow flowers for Children's Day. See how you can help make our church beautiful then." And so the children filed out holding tight to their little green plants. Two months to show love and care; two months to grow some blossoms on the little green plants to make God's house beautiful!

Now of all the children that glad Easter Day Benny Lee was most joyfully certain his plant would be gorgeous with bloom by June. Water it? Sure he would, every single day. Set it in the sun? Well there was not much

sun in the tiny house Benny called home, but he'd see his plant got sun somehow. They would see when June came!

And how he did work over his little plant. So faithfully did he water it that some days the little plant fairly floated away; and for sun Benny carried it around from room to room, up-stairs and down, that it might catch every ray that shone. Even so, it must be said, the little plant did not seem to thrive. Benny had no loving mother to help him, as the other children had, and the cross old woman with whom he lived thought plants a nuisance and in the way. It was a sad day when the cat knocked it down with a whisk of her tail and broke the pot into fragments. After that the little plant lived its life in a small tin can, and though Benny watched eagerly from day to day, not a flower, or even a bud, could be seen.

The Saturday before Children's Day dawned bright and warm. The teachers were in the church to receive the children's plants. Soon they began to come, each bringing his Easter plant; and how pretty they looked gay with red and pink blossoms! "Of course their mothers helped every day," said the teachers.

"Oh look!" shouted Percy Grant, "here comes Benny. Heh, where'd you get that pot. Let's put it right in front where everybody can see it." And he shouted with laughter. Poor little Benny! He wanted to hide the little tin can under his coat, and run right home with his little plant. How small and poor it looked beside the other children's whose mothers had helped. But just then Miss Frances saw him. She seemed to know all about it. Hadn't she been to Benny's home many times? Didn't she know all about the cross old woman with whom Benny lived? "Right here, Benny," she said kindly. "I tried so hard," said Benny. "I gave it so much water and all the sun I could find. Our cat broke the pot, so I had to

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put it in the tin can and after that flowers just wouldn't come."

"I have just the place for it," said Miss Frances, "right here with these daisies in the front." Quickly she wrapped some white paper around the can, and in among the daisies, no one missed the flowers.

"Benny's plant has the best place of all," said Helen. "Benny's plant deserves it, for he tried harder than any of you, and he had nobody to help him," said Miss Frances, and she smiled such a loving smile right at Benny, that he felt glad all over. "I'm glad I tried," he thought, "even if flowers didn't come." And I know the heavenly Father was glad too.

THE FACE THAT ERNEST SAW

APPROACH: (A beautiful picture of mountain scenery, can one be procured.) How many children have ever seen a mountain range? How many have ever climbed a mountain? In the heart of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, noted for grandeur and beauty, there stands a great mountain. On the side of this mountain cut with cameo clearness appears the giant face of a great man. It is called the "Old Man of the Mountain." Very recently the State of New Hampshire purchased this mountain and the surrounding forests for \$400,000. They feared otherwise their beloved "Man of the Mountain" might someday be destroyed. Our great writer Nathaniel Hawthorne loved this mountain. One day he wrote his story. He called it "The Great Stone Face." This is the story briefly told.

THE STORY: One afternoon at sunset a mother and her little boy Ernest sat looking at the great stone face. "How

kind he looks," said Ernest. "I wish I knew a man like him, I would love him."

"Perhaps some day you may," said his mother, "for 'tis said that some day a child shall grow to manhood, so good, so true, so fine, that he will indeed resemble the Great Stone Face."

"Oh," said Ernest eagerly, "I hope I shall see him."

And so years passed away. Ernest grew from boyhood to young manhood. Always helpful at home, he labored in the fields by day, and gained many friends through his kind and helpful ways. When evening came he would look steadfastly at the face of the grand old mountain man, and wish he could grow like him. "For," said Ernest, "he has the kindest face I ever saw." But when would the promised man of prophecy appear, the man who should bear the image of the Great Stone Face? Years passed and he did not come.

To be sure, rumors were plenty that he had been found. First it was a man of untold wealth, who was said to be he, bearing the name of "Gathergold." "He is his very image," said the people. But though Gathergold came, with all his wealth could buy, one look for Ernest was enough. His face was not the face of the Great Stone. Sadly Ernest raised his eyes to the beloved mountains. It seemed as though those lips of stone parted with a smile and said, "Fear not, Ernest, the man will come."

And once again came the cry, "Our man of prophecy is here." This time it was a noted general, who told of brave deeds and mighty conquests. The people said, "'Tis he," but Ernest could not be deceived, for his face was not the face of the man carved in stone. "Will he ever come?" he thought. And still the great face seemed to smile at Ernest as though it would say, "Be patient, Ernest, for he will come."

A great statesman and at last a poet next appeared in

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turn. For each of these the people were ready as of yore to shout, "'Tis he, our man of prophecy," but the face of each in turn was found to lack the great and kindly character of the Face of Stone. Neither could be the "Man of prophecy."

Ernest was now an aged man with bent form and snow white hair. One day at sunset he was to speak a message to his friends and neighbors, as indeed he often did. "He is so kind, so good, he knows and loves us everyone. No one can speak to us as can Ernest," so said the people.

At a distance, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, could be distinctly seen the Great Stone Face of the mountain, when at that very moment the sun's last rays touched the kind and noble face of Ernest, bringing out his features with startling clearness.

And at that moment the people saw and understood. "'Tis Ernest," they shouted, as with one voice. "Behold our Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face. Our man of prophecy has come!"

AT CAMP (*A True Story*)

INTRODUCTION: How many of you boys and girls were in camps this summer? Did you have good times? Would you like to go again? Listen to our story of Mary Frances and her camp days.

THE STORY: So this was camp! Mary Frances looked around and a big lump rose in her throat! The dingy gray camp buildings stretched out on either side of her. It was low tide, and the great ocean on which she had built such glowing hopes looked far, far off, while heaps of sand stretched endlessly between.

"How can I ever bear it here," she thought, "with Mother and Father so far away." She was a stranger in

a strange land indeed; not one soul did she know in all that company. She remembered how hard she had begged to come. Mary Frances was not quite twelve years old and small for her age at that, with straight hair that just wouldn't curl, and a small thin face from which looked out dark serious brown eyes. And then that year she had had whooping-cough, so she was smaller and thinner than ever. So Mother had said, "She wants so much to go to camp, let's try it this year, and see what it will do for her." So there she was a Junior Camper at last, and wishing herself home! "But that won't help," she thought; "I'm here for a good time, and I'm going to have it." And Mary Frances squared her shoulders and lifted her chin, and tried to smile.

That very night she heard low sobs. One of the girls in her cabin was wishing herself home too. Mary Frances slipped from bed and went over to see if she could help any. "Oh," sobbed Louise, "I'm so lonesome; I do want to go back home, but they won't let me."

Mary Frances didn't say much, for she still felt a bit that way herself. "Never mind," she whispered, "it'll be different in the morning; we'll be glad we're here."

And, oh my, they were! Things did look different when the bugle sounded the call—"Get up, Campers all." There was the bright sun and the sparkling water, so near, and after setting-up exercises, didn't the breakfast taste good!

And then there was Miss Donovan with her bright smile for every girl that made them all forget the lonesome feeling of the night before. Some of the girls said, "We wish we were like her," but Mary Frances said, "I'm going to be," and from that very morning she started out to try.

So perhaps that was the reason that from that very morning Mary Frances began to show real camp spirit.

Who was it helped the timid girls to swim, and the

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smaller ones to take their first plunge? Mary Frances! Who said, "I'll walk, I like walking," when one of the horses suddenly went lame? Mary Frances! Who sat on the beach with both arms bandaged because of poison-ivy—and laughed and said she didn't mind much? Mary Frances!

Whose hand was the first to go up when supper helpers were needed Sunday nights? Mary Frances! "And believe me, she helps," said one of the biggest and oldest campers there. "She's not pretty, and she's small, but she's just the best-time sport here!"

"She has real camp spirit," said Miss Donovan. And then she smiled at Mary Frances, a smile that made her feel glad all over, though she never knew what made the smile.

Well, last days must come, and the night before the last day must come too. It was a gala camp night, for honors and awards were to be given out, and the highest honor, the silver loving cup, for the best camper of them all! Who would get that? None of the Junior Campers were included in this, so only the Senior Campers were excited about it.

There was Dorothy. She was easily the best swimmer; and Louise easily excelled in all games. Martha rode horseback fearlessly, while Katharine's cabin was always the neatest on the grounds.

Breathlessly the girls waited; at last the moment came. Miss Donovan rose, the silver cup in her hands.

"I have a surprise for you all," she said. "It has always been our custom to award this cup to a Senior girl. No Junior girl has ever received it. But this year we have one who every day she has been here, on every occasion, has shown the finest camp spirit. I'm sure you all know whom I mean—our Junior Camper, Mary Frances—and the cup will go to her this year." My, you should have

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heard the cheers that went up as Mary Frances went forward to receive her cup.

"And truly, mother, I didn't do anything to earn it," she protested later. But every one who knew Mary Frances thought differently.

Today Mary Frances is a Camp Counselor, as lovely and beloved as her dear Miss Donovan, whose framed picture always stands on her bureau.

VACATION DAYS

(A True Story)

INTRODUCTION: (A camp bugle or other insignia may be shown if one is procurable). Last Sunday we spoke of Mary Frances and her camping days. Many of you told me you went to camp too.

Do all children everywhere get opportunities for such vacations? No, vacation costs money. Many children never have one day by woods or streams when summer comes. Many friends of children know this, and a great deal of money is given every year for children's vacations. Listen to what Mr. Culkin did this year for boys and girls.

THE STORY: "Paper, Mister, paper?" The shrill voice of Charlie Culkin rang out appealingly as he looked eagerly into the faces of passersby. My, it was hot! All day long the sun had beat unceasingly down upon the city pavements. Even now at five o'clock Charlie's feet felt swollen and hot. What would he give for a dip in some cool gurgling stream?

Only yesterday he had said good-bye to two of his chums. They were off to their grandfather's farm for all summer. How fine their tales sounded, of swimming holes, hay-rides, and tramps through the woods and fields.

"Good-bye, Charlie. See you in September." Their

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words still rang in his ears. What would he give for even one day such as that. But idle wishes would not sell papers, so with a cheery smile, Charlie was once more on his job.

Years had passed since little Charlie Culkin had sold his papers on the hot city streets. But never once had he forgotten his boyish longing for a real vacation in the country. And the years had brought him just such vacations too, vacations that made him see clearer than ever what such times meant to boys and girls, and he said, "I will, I'll help as many as I can to get away to country joys every year I live."

"Would you like to go away to camp, sonny?" he would ask some little ragged street urchin.

"Camp," came the answer, "Camp now? I ain't old enough," for the one idea the word camp brought up was a soldier's life and military training.

"Such boys as these need all the money I can spare," thought Mr. Culkin, so he began his big vacation work for boys and girls. Year by year his plan grew. Year by year grew the number of children he sent away on happy vacations. But it was not enough to satisfy the great heart of Mr. Culkin. He called his helpers together, and said, "Will you help me raise my vacation money for the city children? I could do so much more if you all would help." "Help?" Why of course they would. Money poured in, and children were sent to the country by the hundreds.

What do you think our fine Mr. Culkin did finally? He gave a big dinner, to which he invited his friends and helpers. To this dinner came the heads of all the children's camps in the city, the Negro, the Italian, the Jewish, the Protestant, the Catholic.

Then Mr. Culkin rose and said, "Tonight I want to present you each with a check for \$3,000, to help you

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send your boys and girls off on vacations." Can you think how happy those camp leaders all were as those \$3,000 checks were put into their hands? For they knew what that money would mean to hundreds and hundreds of hot, tired city children, just longing for a whiff of country air. It would mean health, good times, the best of good times, to Negroes, Catholics, Jews, Italians, Protestants, all alike. Wasn't it a fine gift? And when Mr. Culkin came to count up all the money that had been given, there was enough over to buy 12,000 bathing-suits, for the smallest children, too young to go away to camp. So, when playing under city hydrants on hot days, they could play they were on the beach with all the others.

Happy little children, happy boys and girls, can't you just see how grateful they are to the giver of their fine times?

MANUEL'S TEACHER

(A True Story)

INTRODUCTION: (Some implement for school use, as school-bag or pencil-box). Of what does this remind you? How many of you enjoy school? What boys and girls would choose to grow up knowing nothing?

Mention some people without whom there could be no schools? Yes, teachers. Our story this morning is about Manuel's teacher.

THE STORY: Three years ago if you had asked Manuel who was his worst enemy, he would have answered promptly, "Teacher."

For two years, day after day, Manuel's program was the same. Up in the morning, a scanty breakfast, a few chores for mother, then off for school with lagging, unwilling feet. Oh, how he hated school! He hated the teacher, hated his lessons, and how ardently he longed for

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the day to come when he would be free, free to work, to earn money, be his own master.

"Of all lazy, idle fellows, that Portuguese boy, Manuel Souza, is the limit. He'll never amount to a thing!"

So said the whole sixth grade. For hadn't Manuel shown it very clearly? Hadn't he gone day after day with never a lesson learned, never a promotion?

"I don't care," said Manuel, "I hate school." And he meant it.

And then came a change. Although Manuel failed to earn promotion, promotion came, since according to the school law, no pupil could remain longer in one grade than two years. So one day Manuel found himself in Miss Chester's room and a grade-seven pupil.

Now Miss Chester had heard of Manuel, of his lazy ways, his stupidity, his lack of interest. "I'm going to be his friend," she said, "I'm going to help him like school."

But it must be confessed her heart sank as she looked into his sullen face that first morning—a face that seemed to say with every look, "I'm here, and I hate it."

But a call on his mother the following day renewed Miss Chester's courage. "Yes, my Manuel, he work hard to help me. No, he not like school since he left fourth grade. He never say why, only how he hate school. But Manuel a good boy; he help me fine since his father die; maybe he work for you."

Miss Chester smiled kindly into the eager mother's face. "He will work, I promise it," she said, "Manuel and I will be great friends."

But for a whole week, Miss Chester made no progress in being Manuel's friend. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, she smiled her special good-morning smile straight to Manuel, but to no purpose. When Thursday came, "Manuel," said Miss Chester, "will you open the window

by my desk for a few moments? The room seems very close." Manuel looked up quickly. There surely must be two Manuels in the room. No teacher ever asked him to help. "Yes, Manuel," smiled Miss Chester, "I mean you. Will you open the window and close it again in five minutes?" Manuel rose. All eyes were turned his way, as he walked the length of the room and opened the window, and again five minutes later, as the window was closed.

"Gee, she chose me, *me*," thought Manuel, for jobs of this sort were coveted ones in the room.

And from that day on Manuel found himself the one selected to help pass materials, clean the blackboards, sharpen pencils, jobs he had always longed to be chosen for, but had never expected to earn. He found it astonishingly true, Miss Chester, a friend of all her boys and girls, was Manuel's friend too. He could hardly believe it.

Well, he'd show her! He'd study. He'd answer her questions when his turn came. And with this resolve came progress. "Fine, Manuel, fine," he often heard now, after some written piece of work he handed in, or oral recitation.

The weeks were passing swiftly now. Promotion day drew near. "No promotion for me," thought Manuel. "But then I'd hate to leave Miss Chester; I'd rather stay in her room."

At last the great day was here. The pupils, all seated, waited eagerly for promotion news. The door opened. In came the superintendent. In his hand he held a paper with the list of graduates on it. Slowly he began to read them with all eyes upon him. He was reading the "S's." "Manuel Souza," he read. Manuel held his breath and looked at Miss Chester. She smiled and nodded as if to say "I'm proud of you, Manuel." It was true, true as daylight, he, Manuel Souza, was promoted!

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A POSSUM STARTS A SCHOOL

INTRODUCTION: How many of you have ever heard of a possum? Perhaps some of you have even seen one. Well, would you ever think a possum could start a school? One did: listen to our story.

THE STORY: What could a country boy only eleven years old, without a cent of money, give the President of the United States for a birthday present? For give a present he would: that Ray Burraker had fully determined. And more than that he would present his gift himself and perhaps even get to shake hands with the great man. Ray lived in Dark Hollow, Virginia, only a few miles from President Hoover's summer camp. Out for a stroll one morning he met Mrs. Hoover.

"What a fine bright boy," she thought and stopped to speak to him. So Ray and the President's wife had a talk, which was the way he found out about the President's birthday party the next day and received his invitation to come and have a piece of the birthday cake.

But of course you could not go to a birthday party and not take a present, and what could it be? Ray slept over it that night and in the morning he knew what his present was to be. Only the week before he had caught a fine, bright little possum. He had decided to tame it and bring it up for a pet. Mrs. Hoover had spoken about the President's love for animals and their many pets. "I bet he'd like my possum," thought Ray, and so the birthday present was decided upon. It did not take him long to fashion a rough cage, open on one side and covered with chicken wire. Then Ray, his face and hands as clean as soap and water could make them, his hair smooth and shining, and his clothes brushed free from dust, was ready for his birthday call.

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Along the road he tramped carefully holding his caged possum. I wonder if any of you would have felt afraid to visit the great President of the United States, wondered what you could say, and what he would say to you, whether he would like your present, and a few other things. But Ray seemed to feel no misgivings, for had not Mrs. Hoover asked him to come? So swinging along at a good gait Ray found himself at last at the President's camp, and very soon after, face to face with the friendly President himself. Of course he was delighted with his birthday present and my, wasn't that birthday cake good? And this might have been the end of our story, instead of the beginning, had not Ray's bright handsome face so interested the President that he called him aside to talk with him. So we can imagine young Ray, "unschooled and unafraid" leaning against a tree, his bright eyes on the President, answering all the questions put to him. To his surprise President Hoover soon found out, Ray could neither read nor write, nor could any of his brothers or sisters, his father or mother, neighbors or friends. No, there was no school anywhere in Dark Hollow, nor ever had been. None of them had ever heard of Charles Lindbergh, or Babe Ruth, did not know the Lord's Prayer or a single letter of the alphabet. But oh, how Ray plead that morning for himself and all the boys and girls in Dark Hollow for a chance, just a chance to learn. And Ray won out. Before he said good-bye to the President he had the promise of a school for himself and his friends.

Not long after the papers were full of the account of the "President's School" as it is called, opening its doors to all the children of Dark Hollow and of hero Ray Burraker proudly raising the flag before the school house door that first morning.

And so everybody in Dark Hollow rejoices today in the President's School, all because Ray Burraker determined

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to give his birthday present, and wasn't afraid to take it himself. Do you think these Dark Hollow boys and girls will be glad when vacation days come? Perhaps they will beg to have no vacation and will keep right on with their lessons.

Watch out, or those Dark Hollow children will get ahead of you yet, even if you did start going to school long before they did.

STORY SERMONS
ABOUT BIRDS AND ANIMALS

OWNEY—A WORLD TRAVELER

APPROACH: How many of you have dogs in your homes? How many of you love and care for dogs? Listen to our story this morning about Owney, the dog who traveled alone around the world and won for himself countless medals and decorations.

THE STORY: Some years ago, a small homeless mongrel puppy crept into the Albany post-office for warmth and shelter. Shivering with cold he seemed to plead for food and shelter. At last finding a pile of mail-bags, he curled himself up and went to sleep. When the clerks went for the mail-bags in the morning, there they found him, and in response to his pleading eyes and wagging tail they let him stay. As days passed nobody claimed him and who his owner was no one could say, so "Owney" became his name.

Nobody knows just when Owney decided to travel with the mail-bags but to himself he must have said: "These mail-bags belong to me, so I am going where they do, to care for them." One day Owney was missing from the Albany post-office. Weeks passed and when he did not return the clerks said, "Well, we have seen the last of Owney; we hope he has found a good home somewhere."

To their surprise however, one day, in walked Owney, glad to be home, but mightily pleased with his trip, as all could see. After this a collar was made for him that said, "Owney, Albany Post-office, Albany, N. Y.," and to the collar was fastened a card asking postal clerks to tag him showing where he had been.

Soon after this Owney left on another trip. He would

jump on the first mail-car he saw, stay aboard till it was emptied, then find another and resume his travels. In this way he traveled to Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, where checks were fastened to his collar. Then he went through Salt Lake City, to California, and from there to Mexico. In Mexico they hung a Mexican dollar on his collar, and then he traveled up through the South and reached Washington. By this time Owney's collar was so full of checks and tags he was worn out carrying them about. Postmaster-General Wanamaker saw him one day, took him out, and had a fine harness made for him, to which were attached all his checks and tags, and once more Owney started off on his travels.

By this time Owney had become the best-known and most widely-traveled dog in the world. East, West, North, and South he had gone, from Alaska to Texas, Maine to Florida, New York to California, with numberless side-trips and stopovers. Here is one of the many letters a mail-clerk wrote about him:

"Owney is excellent company. When we arrive at stations where the train stops 'twenty minutes for refreshments,' the dog walks into the station and barks for bones. When the bell rings 'All aboard!' he is the first one on the train.

"He can tell the difference between a whistle for a crossing and that for a station; while he ignores the first, he is up and ready when the station whistle blows. He takes his place on the platform and waits until the mail is thrown off, and then goes back to bed on the mail-bags."

But with it all Owney still seemed to plead for further travels.

One day he spied a big Pacific steamer, and showed so great a desire to go aboard, it was suddenly decided to have him make a flying trip around the world. This

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time his equipment consisted of a small suitcase containing his blanket, comb, brush, and his harness of medals for full-dress occasions. From this time Owney became the best-known dog the world has yet seen. He traveled to Japan, and was received by the emperor, while the Japanese officials stood aghast to see such a wonderful dog. In Japan he was presented with a passport bearing the seal of the Mikado and giving him the freedom of the country. From Japan he went to China, where he was decorated by the Chinese emperor. And so from port to port and place to place Owney traveled in triumph. On shipboard he dined in the cabin and before the mast, the friend of all. Finally after 132 days of continuous travel Owney was home once more, having completed the circuit of the globe. A big reception was given this wonderful dog, by his countless friends and admirers, to whom he proudly displayed his medals, tags, and certificates.

And today, if we could visit the post-office department in Washington we should find a bushel or more of decorations that were given Owney, the most traveled and widely-known dog in the world.

BOSTON'S BRAVE CAT-LADY

APPROACH: Last Sunday we talked about our friend the dog. This morning we are to hear about a woman who loves cats so much that she spends her days rescuing them from danger and death.

THE STORY: "She is the most hated woman in all Boston," so says a Boston paper. "Children hoot at her in the streets, housewives throw dish-water on her from windows. She is called vile names; she is pelted with snowballs and rocks, and is continually threatened with injury of all kinds."

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Who is she? What makes her so hated? I will tell you. Her name is Florence Sheldon, and her job is catching stray and homeless cats. She works nine hours every day at it, and is paid a salary for her work by the Animal Rescue League of Boston. I wonder how many of us would be brave enough and kind enough to do the work she does?

Let us look at the "Cat-woman," as she is called, when she starts for work. Perhaps she will tramp twelve or fifteen miles this day, and what a chase she will have in and out the dirty alleys and by-ways of a great city! Stout shoes, a well-worn coat, and black felt hat are Miss Sheldon's uniform. In her pocket is her equipment, a searchlight, a pocketful of catnip, a bottle of chloroform, and a box cage shaped like a traveling-bag. In the cage is a small dish of salmon, her only bait. Miss Sheldon wears no gloves. To be sure her hands are often clawed, bitten, and scratched. But as she says, "I can work best without gloves, and I don't mind scratches."

To get some idea of the need of Miss Sheldon's work, let us picture some poor pussy which has been a household pet. The family is going away for the summer, and they just can't and won't be bothered with pussy. "We'll just leave her," they think. "Some one will find her and give her food." So poor pussy, used to her saucer of milk each morning, wakes one day to find the house closed and locked and she with no home and no milk or food of any kind. What can she do? Ash-barrels and refuse-cans are her only hope, and alas, there are many other stray pussies just like herself. Food is scarce and so hard to get. And oh, how she learns to fear the children! She is chased and driven away, tormented and teased. From a sleek, well-fed pussy cat she becomes a thing of terror and hate, the sport of cruel boys and fierce dogs, her coat rough and dirty, her eyes wild and bloodshot. And then

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comes her friend, Miss Sheldon, determined to carry her away for kind treatment and a good home if possible. But will it be easy to get hold of the poor frightened cat? Indeed no. First Miss Sheldon rubs her hands with catnip and coaxingly tries to get near. But the poor cat, used only to unkind treatment, can not believe she has a friend at last and fights all Miss Sheldon's attempts to get near her. How long do you think Miss Sheldon worked to catch one poor kitty that was crippled and almost blind? "Two whole weeks," she tells us, while the children hooted at her and the grownups jeered. You see they don't understand why Miss Sheldon works so hard to catch these poor cats, and they think they should be left to their wild ways in the streets. "Here comes the cat-woman," they think. "Why can't she leave the cats alone? They're better off in the alley than in her cage." Sometimes Miss Sheldon must chloroform some poor kitty to end its miseries, and then the people seem to hate her more than ever. "They just can't seem to understand," says Miss Sheldon. But just the same she keeps bravely on her way, saving all the cat lives she can and helping them out of their misery. How many do you think she saved last year? One thousand in all!

Let us remember Boston's brave cat-lady, as she tramps day after day, up and down, in and out of the dark and dirty alleyways of Boston, just to save and help neglected, friendless cats, and let us ourselves resolve we will do all we can to show kindness to every stray animal that crosses our paths every day we live.

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CHER AMI, THE PIGEON THAT SAVED THE LOST BATTALION

APPROACH: During the World War many and varied were the means used to defeat the enemy. Every sort and kind of living creature had their part in this. One of the means used was the employing of carrier-pigeons. Many interesting stories are told of these but none more thrilling than that of Cher Ami ("Dear Friend").

THE STORY: After a hard, tiring day's march, the battalion of 679 soldiers reached their destination, and hoped for rest. With them were five carrier-pigeons, which slept peacefully in their baskets. Early the following morning to their horror and dismay they found the forest in their rear alive with the enemy soldiers, and themselves entirely cut off from ally assistance.

Five days of torturing gun-fire followed, during which time the men began to perish from hunger and became delirious from their wounds. One by one four carrier-pigeons were released, hoping they would get through with their message, and help would come, but with no avail.

And then came still further disaster, for it was discovered that the Allies, totally ignorant of the position of the battalion, were shelling them from behind the enemy's line.

"What shall we do, what shall we do, to save our men?" was the agonized cry of the battalion officers.

"We still have one carrier-pigeon left us, Cher Ami. Perhaps he will get our message through. It is our last hope," they said. An officer hastily wrote the message, "For heaven's sake, stop it." Then he rolled this message in the capsule and attached it to the right leg of Cher Ami. The pigeon lingered for a moment in the hand of his friend, then spreading his wings, the little gray soldier

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was off. A second later it was seen to fall, wildly fluttering in pained surprize. Dully the men stood around watching the agonized flutterings of their last pigeon, their one hope.

But Cher Ami's courage did not fail. Amid shrieking shells and dense black smoke, his spirit heard the call "Come home." He raised his head, he spread his wings and soon was once more in the air, on his way. One-half hour later, twenty-five miles away, a sergeant of the allied army saw a small gray speck in the clouds. Nearer and nearer it came, fluttered round and round and finally flew down to the landing-board. It was Cher Ami, dripping with blood and staggering with weakness. Then it was discovered that a machine-gun bullet had pierced his breast and torn away one leg, but the message capsule still hung by a clotted ligament. Hastily the message was detached and read. The barrage was instantly stopped and that night the allied army smashed through the enemy's lines, saved the remnant of the lost battalion, and brought 252 men back in safety.

And Cher Ami? He survived his wounds for one year, was brought home on a U. S. transport, was decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross, and lived out his days, the petted mascot of the Signal Corps Headquarters in Washington.

BOMBSHELL, A HERO DOG

APPROACH: Many of you have told me you have pet dogs in your homes. We all love dogs and feel them to be among the finest friends God has given to man. Our story this morning is a true one, of a dog named Bombshell, whose fearless devotion to duty won him a distinguished medal. Here is Bombshell's story.

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THE STORY: Bombshell was a handsome Irish setter. He lived in a fort with his master, Lieutenant Brooks. One of the duties of this lieutenant was to test the great guns belonging to the fort, to see if they were sound and strong. These great guns were of enormous size. So large that if a boy crawled in at one end he would have to go forty feet to reach the other end. It was the duty of Lieutenant Brooks to help test every gun, and his part was always to fire this great piece of artillery.

In all this work, Bombshell was vitally interested, and never missed one gun when it was fired.

One day Bombshell was on hand to test the firing of a great new gun. He superintended the loading as carefully as any man there. But when all was in readiness for the firing, instead of following all the men with his master into the bomb-proof room, he remained close beside the great gun, sniffing the air. Presently he dashed off through the bushes and was lost to sight. His master thought this rather peculiar, since Bombshell always followed him to see the firing. However, he paid no attention for he said, "Bombshell is clever enough to care for himself." So he followed the others into the bomb-proof room, ready to fire the great gun at the captain's command. But just as the command "Fire" was given, Bombshell reappeared, looked straight into the mouth of the great gun, and began barking with all his might.

His master called, but he would not come; then, annoyed at the delay, Lieutenant Brooks started toward the dog trying to catch him. But as he approached Bombshell retreated barking harder than ever, and wagging his tail for joy to see his master following him.

And what do you suppose he found? Right in the pathway of the great gun's fire were two little children playing quietly in the bushes!

After this Bombshell was lauded as a hero. "He must

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have a medal," said the men. And so they had one made and presented to Bombshell. The medal read:

*Presented to Bombshell as a Reward for Having Saved
Two Little Children from Serious Injury by Discharge
of a Large Gun.*

And wasn't Bombshell a proud dog to wear such a medal on his collar! For everybody that knew him felt certain he could tell its meaning.

A SAINT TAMES A WOLF

INTRODUCTION: How many of you children have ever seen a fierce angry wolf? I wonder what we would do, if we should see one coming down the road?

Our story tells how just such a wolf was changed one day and how it was done.

THE STORY: The little town of Gubbio was in terror because of a wolf, the largest and fiercest ever known. This wild creature prowled about the country devouring sheep and goats and sometimes even people. No one dared go out alone after dark and all lived in terror of the terrible wolf.

Now the people of Gubbio had a wonderful friend a man whom everyone loved because of his kind good life. This man was Francis of Assisi, St. Francis, as he was called. St. Francis spent every day of his life helping the poor, the sad and the sick. Even the birds came to him willingly wherever he was, for "they too are my little brothers and sisters," said St. Francis.

Now St. Francis often went to see his friends in Gubbio, so the people said, "We will ask him to tell us what we can do to rid ourselves of this terrible wolf. He will know." St. Francis listened quietly to the whole

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story. Then to the astonishment and fear of all the people he said, "I will go meet Brother Wolf. I will go alone and have a talk with him." How his friends begged him not to go. "You will be devoured the minute he sees you," they said. But St. Francis still persisted. "No I will go," he said. "I am not afraid of my Brother Wolf." So off he started out the city gate and down the road where the wolf was thought to be. Behind St. Francis some distance away walked his friends, in great fear, among them some boys eager to see what would happen. All at once people caught their breath, for there in the distance was the wolf, bigger and fiercer than ever, with his great jaws open, all ready to spring on St. Francis. But was St. Francis afraid? Not for one minute, for was not the wise wolf his brother?

As he drew nearer, St. Francis called cheerily, "Come hither Brother Wolf. I ask you for Christ's sake, to do no harm to me, nor to anyone." Then a most wonderful thing happened. The great wolf stopped running, his wicked jaws closed, and presently the creature came softly up to St. Francis and lay down at his feet. Then St. Francis talked to him and said, "Brother Wolf you have done great harm. You have frightened and hurt and even killed many. So everybody is your enemy. You deserve punishment." And the great wolf lay perfectly still with his head flat in the road. The people forgot their fright and drew nearer to see and hear all. "Now Brother Wolf," said St. Francis, "I want to help you to do right. Will you promise me to live peacefully after this, and if so, I promise you good food for the rest of your life. Will you promise?" Then the great wolf was seen to nod his head as though he made the promise.

"Now," said St. Francis, "give me your paw. Lay it in my hand that I may know you will never harm man or beast again." And with that the wolf laid his great

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paw in the hand of St. Francis. "Now come with me," he said.

Then the great beast rose and meekly followed St. Francis into the city.

And always after that brother wolf lived in Gubbio and went from door to door eating his food and harming no one. The people learned to love and trust him, and when he died mourned for him as for a real friend.

So did St. Francis show the people what love and trust and kindness may do to turn even an angry animal into a faithful friend.

OLD JIM'S CHRISTMAS

APPROACH: I wonder how many children here think of the birds and animals when Christmas comes, and try to bring them some extra joy. Our story this morning is about some school children, and what they planned to do.

THE STORY: "The question is what shall we do with our extra money this Christmas. We have enough for our tree and feast and ten dollars over. Has any one a suggestion?" It was closing time at school, but Miss Martin was talking to them, so the children stayed on.

"Give coal to some poor family," "Send it to a hospital," "Buy books for our library," suggested the children. But none of these answers seemed quite satisfying, since none of the children knew of any real need anywhere and Christmas was only three days off.

"Children," said Miss Martin slowly, "there is the story of the world's first Christmas, that you all know. It began in a stable with cattle standing by. Do any of you ever think of making Christmas a happy time for animals?"

Eagerly hands were raised. "There is always something on our tree for our cat," said one. "Our dog had

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an extra dinner, and a new ball," said another. "We helped tie suet on the trees for the birds," said others.

"I am so glad," said Miss Martin. "It gives me courage to suggest my plan to you for our ten dollars. I am going to ask you to use it to make a poor suffering animal happy on Christmas Day. Perhaps some of you have noticed a wretched looking horse that a rag and junk dealer drives around every day." Eager hands were raised in reply. "I have found out all about this horse," said Miss Martin. "He can last but a little while longer with the hard work and ill-treatment he receives. Every day he gets thinner and weaker. What do you say to our buying this horse, and giving it a happy Christmas." Eager hands were raised and shouts of "Let's do it!" came from all sides.

"I have found a kind farmer, a little distance away, who will put this horse in his stable till we can decide what is best to do for him and he'll give him a good Christmas dinner too! Suppose we make up a party and go out there to see old Jim enter his new home?"

And so it was arranged. Miss Martin saw the peddler, who eagerly promised to part with his old horse for ten dollars, since he knew he would soon die on his hands as it was. He furthermore promised to drive the horse out to the farmer's stable on Christmas eve, and meet the children there. What an exciting time it was. Miss Martin and her boys always gathered on time, but suppose the peddler didn't appear after all? After some anxious waiting a shout was raised, "Here he comes! Here he comes!"

The poor worn-out horse could hardly crawl by now. Three times he stopped, too tired to move, and three times was forced on again.

Well it didn't take many minutes to hand the peddler his ten dollars, take old Jim out of the shafts, and lead him

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to his warm comfortable stall, where his Christmas dinner was waiting for him.

And that isn't the best part of the story either. With good food and kind treatment, old Jim improved so much, that the kindly farmer found he could put him to some use on his farm. So in the spring he gave the children back their ten dollars and old Jim was happy for life.

(Adapted from a story by the late Mrs. H. Smith, President of the Animal Rescue League of Boston.)

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ABOUT PEOPLE

THE HERO SCOUT OF AFRICA

INTRODUCTION: Who can describe a good boy or girl scout? (Let children give qualities if possible.) Yes, they are brave, trustworthy, kind, loyal, etc. Our story this morning tells of one of the greatest scout heroes that ever lived. His name is David Livingstone.

THE STORY: A man was talking: "I tell you there is a vast plain in Africa, where I have sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke from a thousand villages, where no missionary has ever been."

Young David listened eagerly. He had always longed to go to China and teach the people there; but if these words were true surely he was needed far more in Africa. Well, then, to Africa he would go, and go he did.

But even after he landed on African soil, a long, long journey lay ahead of our hero scout. Always in his mind's eye he saw that plain with the smoke rising from a thousand villages that knew not his master, Jesus Christ. "I will never stop till I reach that plain," he thought, and he never did. On and on he jolted, mile after mile, in the great ox-cart, which was one of the means of travel in this unknown country. Sometimes there were streams and rivers to cross on the way. Then Livingstone traveled in a canoe, rowed by some of the friendly savages.

One day as they sped down the stream their boat rounded a sudden curve, and there they were met by a sight that fairly froze their blood with horror. For the river bank was black with men, not a friendly face among them, but all bristling with hate and armed with spears and arrows. A chief yelled, "Go back!" Then a score

of arrows flew over the boat. "Go on," said Livingstone quietly to his men, and they silently obeyed his command.

And onward they sped toward the angry savages. What would happen? Would they all soon be killed? As the water became more shallow, Livingstone suddenly leaped over the side of the boat and waded toward the shore and the angry black mob. His men sat in the boat waiting to see their leader fall, pierced with arrows. Livingstone advanced slowly, his arms over his head.

"It is peace," he called out. Amazed at his astounding courage not an arrow flew in his direction. A man with such courage must be a god, they thought. When Livingstone got near enough, he bared his arm and showed his white skin. "This is the skin of a man of peace," said Livingstone, "one who would do you only a kindness."

The savages gazed astonished at the strong white arm of Livingstone. Truly, this man spoke truth. His bravery had conquered them. Livingstone and his followers were allowed to proceed unharmed.

Years later Livingstone was called back to England to be decorated for his brave deeds. The people listened breathlessly to his tales of adventure and discovery. They looked into his face, burned brown with the African sun, his body worn and spent with toil and travel, his arm hanging limp, bitten in eleven places by a fierce lion, and all for the sake of his African brothers and sisters, who knew not his Master, Jesus Christ. And they acclaimed him the hero of the ages. Truly one of God's greatest and grandest master workmen.

A SLAVE DRIVER DEFEATED

INTRODUCTION: Livingstone, Africa's hero scout, was dead. Who would go and take his place and help the black

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race? A young lad named Alexander Mackay had long been thrilled with the tales of Livingstone's brave deeds. One day he said, "God wants me to carry on his work. I, too, will go to Africa."

One of the most dreadful evils in all Africa was the slave trade. Mackay determined he would die if necessary to drive it out. Our story this morning will tell of one time and how he succeeded.

THE STORY: The rolling tattoo of the great skin drums heralded the approach of the African king, M'tesa. The slave boys jumped to their feet and bowed low before him. King M'tesa, clothed in a spotless white robe, sat down on his stool of state, while his chiefs grouped themselves about him. On another stool near the king sat Alexander Mackay. Today he must fight and fight hard for his friends, the African slaves. "But I shall win," he said. Again the loud battering of drums filled the air. There entered a tall dark Arab, in flowing robes. He was followed by negroes, bearing guns and bales of cloth. This Arab was a slave trader, who had come to King M'tesa to buy men, women, and children, and carry them away into slavery.

King M'tesa would often send his warriors out into the hills to drag boys and girls and women back to his court to be his slaves, so he always had many on hand for sale. "See," said the Arab, "what I will give you; one of these lengths of red cloth for one slave man; one of these guns for two men, or two slave boys; 100 of these percussion caps for a woman slave." And he spread out lengths of red cloth and held out a gun with its gleaming barrel.

How King M'tesa longed for them! "Guns will make me powerful with my enemies," he thought. "What are a few slaves compared to these wonderful things."

Mackay looked into the cruel face of the king. To

oppose him might lose him his friendship. Suppose he should put him to death. Should he risk this king's favor for a few slaves? Then he remembered Livingstone and how hard he had fought to drive out slavery. Yes, he must take his stand, too.

"Oh King M'tesa," said he, "you are a father put over this multitude of people. They are your children. Will you sell your children as slaves, slaves who will be chained and whipped and kicked, even killed? Then will all people say, 'See how King M'tesa allows his children to be treated!'"

Oh how furious this made the slave driver! He turned and scowled fiercely at Mackay and longed to plunge his gleaming dagger into his heart. Who was this white man who dared to stop his trade?

But Mackay continued, calm and unafraid, "God, our Father, alone can make a boy like this one here. If you worked your life long, you could not make anything so wonderful as he is. Would you sell him for a bit of red rag?"

All eyes turned eagerly to King M'tesa. What would his decision be? Long he pondered with his head bent low. These slave boys or the guns, which? Suddenly he waved his hand, and bade the fierce Arab begone. "My people shall be slaves no more," he said. Then he wrote out a decree and signed it with his own hand.

Mackay had won his first great fight against slavery. The whole world rang with the news of the victory. Do you wonder we call Mackay another of God's greatest master workmen?

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A WOMAN CONQUERS CANNIBALS WITH KINDNESS

INTRODUCTION: We have heard the story of Alexander Mackay who followed Livingstone, our hero scout, to Africa. This morning we will hear of one more who, learning of Livingstone and what he did for Africa, determined to follow in his footsteps. This time it was a young Scottish girl, named Mary Slessor. The world will never forget her and the stories of her heroism, as she, a young and timid girl, conquered black cannibals through love and kindness. Our story this morning tells how she healed a cannibal king.

THE STORY: The people of Calabar were filled with fear. Their chief was very sick. If he died great trouble would come to them all. Could no one make him well? All the witch doctors had failed. What could be done? Then up spake an old African woman. "Away off through the great forests there lives a wonderful white Ma. She can heal our chief. She has healed many. She knows more than all the witch doctors."

When the chief heard this, he said, "Send and fetch this wonderful woman that I may live and not die."

So messengers were sent post haste to ask Mary Slessor to come heal the chief. All day long they hurried, through village after village, till they came to the one where Mary lived. As soon as she heard how sick the chief was, she said, "I must go." Full well she knew she might be killed by wild beasts or murdered by cruel savages along the way. But deep within her heart she heard God's voice, "Mary, I want you to go." So this brave young woman never hesitated, but started right off with the messengers.

The rain poured down in torrents. Soon it seemed as though a deluge were let loose. Mary's boots were soaked through; she could not walk in them, so she took them off

and threw them in the bush. Next she threw away her soaked, torn stockings and plunged ahead through all the mud and water, in her bare feet.

As she hurried on her way, strange savage black faces peered out at her from behind bushes and trees, but none harmed her, nor did any wild beasts attack her as she pressed on through the jungles. At last, after she had walked ceaselessly for eight hours, aching from head to foot, she came to the village of the sick chief. Not waiting one moment to rest she walked straight to where he lay, senseless, on his mat on the mud floor. Mary kneeled down by him and examined him carefully. Yes, she had the medicine right with her that would make him well. She opened her little medicine case, and gave him a dose. Then she sat by his side till he got better. After awhile he sat up and asked for food, and after a few days he was well again.

All the people in the village danced with joy. They gathered around the wonderful white woman with gratitude and thanksgiving. And then was Mary Slessor's chance. She told them why she had come, because Jesus, God's dear Son, had sent her. "Come, let us thank him," she said. So for the first time in all their lives, those cannibal people heard the story of Jesus and knelt in a prayer of gratitude to their heavenly Father.

Years passed. Mary Slessor lived to be beloved by the African savages as no other woman. Because of her loving deeds and heroic life, they called her the "Great Wonderful White Ma." And though she has been dead for some years, if you were to go to Africa you would still find her name honored and beloved. Truly she was one of God's greatest and best master workmen.

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THE STORY OF A LITTLE DUTCH BOY

I want to tell you about a little Dutch boy, who came to America with his father and mother when he was only six years old. His name was Edward Bok and he grew to be one of America's very best friends. How did this happen? You shall hear.

When Edward first came to America he could speak only the Dutch language. Right away he started going to the public school. Can you think how hard this was when all the lessons were in English, and he could not understand one word that was said?

The boys too were cruel and unfriendly as boys often are to foreign children. They called him "Dutchy" and delighted to tease and torment him.

I think many times this little Dutch boy must have wished himself back in his home across the seas, but above all Edward was brave, so he never gave up, even then, trying to be a real American.

His father and mother had been very well off when they lived in the Netherlands, but now their money was all gone and Edward came to feel he must do all he could to help. Without his mother saying one word he and his older brother would get up very early. Then they would build the fire, get breakfast and wash all the dishes before going to school.

One day their kindling gave out. There was very little money to buy more, but Edward had seen that many people in the neighborhood dropped their wood and coal about, not bothering to pick it up. So one morning he and his brother took a basket and picked up all the bits of wood and coal they could find.

But all this work was not earning money, and money was sadly needed. What could this little Dutch-American

boy do to help? One day he was looking in a baker's window thinking how good the pies and cakes looked. The baker came out just then and said, "Don't they look good?" Quickly Edward made answer, "They'd look a whole lot better if your window was clean."

"How would you like the job of cleaning it every week?" said the baker. And of course this was just what Edward did want. Mounting a big step ladder he went right to work. The baker soon found that besides doing work quickly and well Edward was a very friendly boy, so later he hired him to help wait on his customers.

Besides this work Edward sold papers every week, but his bright eyes were always looking out for more work and of course he found it.

In those days all street cars were pulled by horses. Just around the corner from where Edward lived the men would stop to water the horses and while the horses drank they too would get water in a nearby drug store. But what about the thirsty passengers? Here Edward saw his chance. He bought a shiny pail—screwed three hooks on the edge to which he fastened three glasses, and he soon found he could sell all the water he could carry at one cent a glass. Later other boys took up the idea, so Edward added lemon and sugar to his pail of water and got three cents a glass for his lemonade.

And so the years passed. Thrifty, hardworking, honest and friendly Edward grew to be a fine young man. Next Sunday we will hear about his gifts to America.

THE GIFT OF THE SINGING TOWER

INTRODUCTION: Last Sunday we heard about the little Dutch boy Edward Bok and how he grew every day to be a fine American. Today we will hear about his gifts to America.

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THE STORY: Edward Bok had a wonderful grandmother whom he dearly loved. One thing she used often to say to her grandchildren was, "Make this world a better and more beautiful place because you are living in it." Now what could Edward do to make America, his America better and more beautiful?

By this time he had become the Editor of a great magazine, "The Ladies Home Journal." Perhaps many of you children have seen this magazine and boys on the street selling it every week.

In the pages of his magazine Mr. Bok printed pictures of lovely little homes that in those days could be inexpensively built, if only the people knew how. And how gladly American people everywhere copied his ideas and followed his advice. Next came pictures of lovely flower gardens that even poor people might have with the right effort, and again the people gladly seized on the help his pictures gave them and flower gardens blossomed everywhere.

Then came pictures for inside these houses. At great expense and trouble Mr. Bok had copies of famous paintings made. These he sold in sets at such a very low price that everywhere the people gladly bought them and hung them on their walls.

So it went year after year. Always Mr. Bok was trying to be a friend to the American people and show them how they could have order and beauty in their lives.

He was trying to make America more beautiful because he had lived there and so as his final gift, (for Mr. Bok is now dead) he planned a most beautiful park. This park he filled with trees and flowers of rare beauty. He had placed in this park fifty bird baths so that his little feathered friends should be attracted from all over America and make their home here. And this has come true. Two nightingales, the only ones in America, have found their way to this garden spot.

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In the midst of this park Mr. Bok had built a wonderful tower, one of the most beautiful in all the world, and in that tower he placed a great chime of bells. A master musician was brought from Europe to play these bells and so every hour people may hear the lovely music, listen to the song of countless birds and rest under the shade of the trees and shrubs. A garden spot of rare beauty is this Mountain Lake Park with its wonderful Singing Tower in the southern part of Florida.

And some day many of you children will be going there to see it all, and then perhaps you will think of that little Dutch boy who came to America's shores so long ago and grew to be one of her very best friends.

A TREE THAT HELPED GIVE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT

INTRODUCTION: How many children here have birthdays? How many like to get birthday presents? Did you ever hear of a tree that gave a birthday present? Listen to our story this morning.

THE STORY: Tall and stately there stood the great chestnut tree, beside the village blacksmith shop. In winter one could see it a long way off, its dark branches standing out against the sky. And in summer there it stood, giving welcome shade to man and beast, while little birds flew about, sometimes resting in its green branches, and sending forth their joyous songs on the quiet summer air. Everything living, near and far, loved the great chestnut tree.

Now it chanced that one of our most dearly loved Americans lived near where this great tree stood. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was his name. He loved the outdoors, and all that God has made to make his world beautiful. And because he loved the great outdoors so much he often wrote about the things he saw. One day

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as he passed this tree he thought again how beautiful it looked spreading its branches far and wide. So when he got home he wrote some verses about "The Spreading Chestnut Tree," as he called it. And because our Mr. Longfellow was a very great poet, his verses about the chestnut tree were read by people all over the world.

But one day a sad thing had to be done. "Our road must be wider," the people said. "The roots of this great chestnut tree are spreading far and wide. We must cut it down." Mr. Longfellow knew all about it, and because he loved the great tree so dearly, I am certain he stayed away the day it came down. But the people said, "We will save all the wood; not a piece must be thrown away. Perhaps something of beauty can be made from it some day." And here comes the happiest part of the story. All the children of Cambridge, where the great tree stood, knew and loved Mr. Longfellow. And Mr. Longfellow loved all the children, too, and always made them welcome when they came to see him. Now Mr. Longfellow was soon to have a birthday. He would be seventy-two years old. I don't know who thought of it first, but somebody said: "Why can't the Cambridge children give their pennies, just hundreds of them, to pay for making an arm-chair for their friend Mr. Longfellow, the chair to be made out of the wood we have saved from the great chestnut tree?"

As soon as the children heard of this plan, they were wild with joy. "Just the very thing," they said, "won't our Mr. Longfellow love the chair?" And it was done. The Cambridge children brought their pennies and what a pile of them it was! And the armchair was made from the wood that had been saved so carefully.

Then one exciting day a great procession was seen moving toward Mr. Longfellow's home. At its head walked a tall strong man, carrying on his head the birthday arm-

chair, while following him, shouting with glee, came fifty boys and girls, who were to give the birthday present.

My, wasn't our Mr. Longfellow surprized and delighted! To think the great tree he had loved so long had helped his boy and girl friends give him this beautiful chair! It made one of the happiest birthdays of his whole life.

Mr. Longfellow has been dead many years. But today should you go to Cambridge and visit his home, you would see right beside the fireplace the birthday armchair, just where Mr. Longfellow placed it himself, so many years ago.

THE BOY WHO WROTE BY MOONLIGHT

INTRODUCTORY TALK: I want you all to look about you, then tell me how many different kinds of workmen it took to build our church. (Bring out briefly from the children, carpenters, masons, glaziers, men to dig foundations, etc.) Throughout this year, from time to time, we are going to talk about different kinds of workmen who have done their task so well that God calls them his "Master-workmen."

Now just look for a moment at our church organ. What kind of a world would it be, if we had no music? Perhaps some of you may have what you call "tiresome practising" to do. But how many of you like to sing; how many of you like to hear a good band coming down the street? If some people had not given their time to make music for us, we would have no organs in our churches, no pianos in our homes, no violins, nor any instruments to play on, and (even worse) no music to play on those instruments. We would have no songs nor hymns to sing, even the birds everywhere would be silent—no music!

God knew what a silent, doleful world it would be with-

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out music, so some of his greatest and best workmen have been men and women who have given their lives to making the world a happy and beautiful place to live in, because of their music. During the Sundays of this month we are to hear about some of these people.

THE STORY: Way, way back, in the year 1685, there was born a little boy by the name of John Sebastian Bach. Little did the world of his day know how famous this little boy would become, or that as long as the world should last great men and women would be playing his music. Very early in life little John began to show a great love for music, but, sad for him, when he was still very young his father and mother both died, and little John went to live with a big, older brother. This brother was not kind to him. He was a stern man, who knew little joy or use for music, so he forbade his little brother to work at his loved task, and tried in all ways to keep him from playing or writing music. But John was brave, did not become discouraged over his brother's stern treatment, and never once thought of giving up music.

Now it chanced that in John Sebastian's house there stood an old cupboard, and in that cupboard on the very top shelf there was something that John just longed to have. No it wasn't cake or even candy. It was something more precious and desirable to John even than that. Indeed I doubt if ever he had much chance to know how candy and cake tasted. No, it was a book, a parchment book of music written out by hand. Many times each day, John would think, "Oh, if only I might have that book. I could copy some of it for my own." But he dared not ask for this favor.

At last he thought, "My hand is so small, I believe it would go through that latticed panel at the top of the door. Then I could squeeze that book through." How ever he got his chance to do this no one knows, but get it he did,

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and now the next thing to do was to copy the music. Not one minute of his own did he have during the day and he dared not ask for any light to work with by night. But by a boy as courageous as John Sebastian any obstacle can be overcome. He thought, "When the moon shines, I will sit by my window and copy by moonlight." And so he did.

How little this dear little German boy knew, or even cared, as patiently he worked away, night after night, in the moonlight, that 200 years later the whole music-loving world would honor his name, and delight in his music. But so it is, and among all the great musicians who have ever lived none are more loved today than John Sebastian Bach. Truly he was one of God's great workmen.

SINGING FOR SOLDIERS

INTRODUCTION: Last week we heard of a splendid boy, John Sebastian Bach, whose name the world will never forget because of his beautiful music. Today we are to hear about a girl.

THE STORY: Ernestine was a lively, happy, little girl always. Her gay good humor was catching and inspiring. No matter what happened, her hearty laugh seemed to end the trouble.

Ernestine was the oldest of many brothers and sisters, so running many errands fell to her lot. Her parents were poor, and many times it was hard to go to the grocer for the food that must be had to feed so many hungry mouths. "Please, we will pay very soon," she would urge pleadingly. When the grocer would shake his head, she would say, "Wait, I will sing for you." And sing she would and so well, that in the end the grocer would relent, and Ernestine would carry home the much-needed food.

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Yes, very early in life it was discovered by every one that knew her, Ernestine could sing and sing well. Always she said to herself, "Some day I shall be a great singer," yet little did she realize what that determination would mean.

One day Ernestine was singing in the convent choir. Imagine the astonishment of the sisters, when at the close of the service up the aisle swept a grand lady in all her laces and finery, demanded the name of the young girl who had sung so well that day, for she herself was a singer and she wanted to take this young girl as her pupil. And from that time on Ernestine's singing career began. It was a long, long hard road to travel from the little unknown singing girl Ernestine, to the world renowned Madame Schumann-Heink that the whole world knows today. Before kings and queens in almost every country on the globe this great singer has gone. Riches and honors of every kind have been heaped upon her, yet she still remains the simple, modest, happy Ernestine that she was in her childhood days.

But it was during the world war that her greatest service came. The soldier-boys, thousands of them stationed at Camp Dix, leaving every day for foreign shores—would she, could she come and sing for them? "Most certainly," said Madame Schumann-Heink, and off she started. Arriving at Camp Dix what a sight met her eye! Everywhere she saw nothing but rude, barn-like barracks, not a tree or shrub broke the barren waste, just soldiers, soldiers, oh, so many, with their faces turned to her waiting for her song. And how she sang that day, never more gloriously, her wonderful voice reached every one and brought them comfort. For it seemed to say, "Let me be your mother, boys. I love you every one and always will." After this night, she resolved that from that day on she would sing for soldier-boys everywhere. Her

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friends said, "How foolish. You will ruin your voice, singing in the open air so much. Think of all the money you might be earning. These soldiers can pay you nothing." "I would rather sing to soldier-boys for nothing than do anything else in all the world," said this great woman. So she traveled from camp to camp, in and out of hospitals everywhere, singing, always singing her songs for her loved soldiers.

And only a short time ago the papers printed the news that Madame Schumann-Heink had given her beautiful California home to be used for sick soldiers so long as they needed it.

Do you wonder the world loves her and does her honor? Do you wonder that 'tis said, "Truly Ernestine Schumann-Heink is and always will be one of the world's greatest singers, one of God's master workmen."

FROM PIANO STOOL TO PRESIDENT'S CHAIR

INTRODUCTION: Mention or describe the church piano, as, "Downstairs in our lecture-room there stands a piano. How hard it would be if there were not always some one to play that piano for us when we sing. How we should miss our piano if something should happen to it, or if there was no one to play it for us!"

I am going to tell you about a man today, who at one time in his life had the whole world at his feet, just because he could play the piano so wonderfully. Everywhere he went, crowds followed to hear him. Born on a little farm in Poland, Ignace Paderewski knew what it meant to be poor. But he loved music with his whole heart. To play the piano was a greater joy to him than it is for you to eat Thanksgiving dinner, or coast down hill on your flexible flyer. And because of this great love for

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music and his hard work Paderewski became the world's most loved pianist. People thronged to listen to him, and were willing to give large sums of money to hear him play, and so Paderewski became very rich. He owned a beautiful home in Switzerland, and had so much money that he could buy anything he wished.

But with it all, Paderewski was not entirely happy, for he was a Pole, and loved his country even more than he did his music. Poland was not a free country like our America. Poland was an unhappy country and longed for freedom to make her own laws. Often and often Paderewski would say, "How I long to help my country, my poor unhappy Poland, would that I might free my country."

With the outbreak of the great war conditions in Poland became rapidly worse and worse. Homes were burned, crops became wasted, and people everywhere were sick and dying and shut off from all help. Paderewski could no longer play on his loved piano. His friends said, "How foolish you are. Think of the money you lose by not playing," but Paderewski only shook his head. "I can not play when my country suffers," he said. "I must help them." So he closed his piano for a time and gave all he had to help his people.

He filled every building and house on his beautiful estate, to give homes for the poor Poles. When these were all filled he put up tents, as many as he could crowd in to care for his needy countrymen. Then he said, "I must go everywhere and ask for help for Poland. I have given all the money I have to help them. But I know people in other countries will help them, too." And people did help, most of all because they loved Paderewski, had heard him play his wonderful music, and believed in him. "Why could I not give more of my concerts and give all that money for Poland?" thought Paderewski. And so

he did that, and earned through his playing thousands of dollars, and every cent he gave to Poland. At last the war ended. Poland was given her freedom. Paderewski, his labors ended, was on his way home. As he embarked on the steamer, he noticed that multitudes of sea-gulls hovered near while the ship's hull was white with their feathers. In letters of shining gold stood out the name of the good ship, *Concord*. Paderewski embarked with joy. "There is happiness ahead for my beloved country," he said.

And so it proved. Today Poland is a free country, just like America. And whom do you think they chose for their first President? You can guess. None other than their beloved Paderewski, who had given his all for them, who had lived to see his dream come true—a free Poland.

Perhaps some day you will hear this great man play some of his wonderful music. Always we shall think of him as one of God's master workmen, Paderewski, the Polish patriot.

A MAN WITH A HUNDRED CHILDREN

INTRODUCTION: (Begin by asking different children how many brothers and sisters there are in their family.) Now here is a boy who says there are two brothers and three sisters in his family. Supposing you all talked at once, could your father and mother understand what you said?

And here is a family of three children who want something very much. They decided to ask their mother for it all at the same time. Could she understand very well what it was they wanted? Yet I know a man who has 125 children in his family. Many times they all talk at

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the same time, sometimes at the very top of their voices, and this father understands just what it is they are saying. I will tell you about him.

THE STORY: He is Doctor Walter Damrosch. We will pretend we are in Orchestra Hall, New York City. In this audience are many children, so we will feel quite at home. Now listen, for Doctor Damrosch is introducing his family to the children. There are only seventy-five there today, but we will find they are all going to talk at once, when Doctor Damrosch gives the word. There is Master Violin, and Miss Obo, Mr. Bass Viol, Mrs. Trombone, Mr. Drum, Miss Harp, Master Flute, the Cymbal twins, and many others. And now you can begin to see how they can all talk together and Doctor Damrosch can understand all they say. For his is a big musical family.

This afternoon he is having his family play just for children. First he tells them the story his family will tell, and then the family play it. How pleased the children were today and how hard they clapped "the family." They even learned to know some of the family names. When "Master Obo" spoke they called out his name. Again when "Miss Harp" spoke they called out her name correctly, and so on. And all this made Doctor Damrosch very happy, for he loves children and he loves his musical family and wants them to know one another well.

There is a story about Doctor Damrosch which tells that one time when he was a small boy his father was preparing a fine musical program. He said, "Walter plays so well, I think he can play the cymbals for us." The cymbals are like round brass plates, that when crashed together, make a wonderful effect. Young Walter loved music even then, so he was delighted to be trusted to play the cymbals. He practised hard and by counting to himself, always knew just when to play his part. Then came the wonderful night of the concert. But when the time came to clash the

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cymbals young Walter was so frightened his arms refused to work. He could not even raise the cymbals, let alone clash them together. The sight of all those people seated in front of him frightened him so, he could not make one sound. So there were no cymbals played that night. How ashamed and sorry poor Walter felt. I am sure he never could have believed for one minute that some day he would be one of God's master workmen in music. Yet so it is, for today the whole world knows Doctor Walter Damrosch and does him honor, because of his hard work and splendid playing. And what do you think has happened?

Because Doctor Damrosch loves children so much and wants them to know his musical family, he said, "Supposing we play to the school-children throughout the United States by radio? They will sit in their schoolrooms and I and my family will play in New York, and by radio they will all hear me." "It shall be done," said the school-teachers, so radios were set up in the schoolrooms throughout the United States. Then Damrosch began to speak in New York. His great family began to play, and how the children all listened! At the close they clapped and clapped, just as though Doctor Damrosch and his family could hear them. Perhaps some of you were those very boys and girls who, seated in your schoolrooms, listened in, and surely you will be some day. And then you too will be able to say, "I have heard one of God's master workmen, Doctor Walter Damrosch."

A BOOK WRITTEN IN PRISON

INTRODUCTION: (If possible secure a fine copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" to show during this service, one published by Thomas Nelson & Sons is recommended.)

For some Sundays we have been talking together about

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God's master workmen, those who have helped him best do the work of his world. Now if I asked you this morning to go out and search for one of these people, you might look in many places, perhaps in the church, or on the street, in some store or bank, or again in a home. But there is one place I am very sure you would never think of looking, even if you could get in and that place would be a prison. Yet even so, the master workman we are to hear about today, spent twelve long years of his life there, and did a great work for God all that time. For this man, John Bunyan by name, lived long ago, in the days when people were put in prison for very small reason and many for no reason at all. John Bunyan was a preacher and just because he said things that some people did not like he was hauled before a judge and told he must go to prison and to prison he went for twelve long years.

Now if John Bunyan had been an ordinary man, he probably would have said, "Well this is the end of me and my work. Here I am shut up in this dark, damp, dreary prison, I might as well be dead." And as those twelve years came and went, he would have grown more unhappy and miserable every day he lived. But John Bunyan was not an ordinary man: he was one of God's workmen, so he did not despair, he said; "I can't preach any more sermons but I can write a book for the people to read," and so that is just what he did do. Little did he know at that time that this book would become so famous, and next to the Bible, one of the best in the world, but so it proved, and "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" is that book (show book here).

I want to tell you a story from this book, about a man named Christian and some lions.

THE STORY: Bunyan tells about this man in his book and about a journey he was taking to get to a wonderful city called Celestial. It seems that one day as Christian was

journeying along he met two men running very fast. "Whither away friends?" said Christian. "Ah, you may well ask that," they said. "This path is beset with hardships. Best turn back, for dangers await you at every turn."

"Nay," said Christian, "I must go forward, if I would reach the city Celestial. There is no other way. But what dangers await me, that I may be prepared?"

"In sooth," said the strangers, "one thing we know; there be lions in the path, whether sleeping or waking we know not, nor did we stay to find out; we pray you turn back for they are huge beasts and will surely devour you, if you cross their path." "Nay," said Bunyan, though his bones trembled, "I must go forward." So forward he went. Night was now coming on fast. "Lions will surely be prowling for their prey in this darkness," thought poor Christian. His knees shook, his teeth chattered, scarcely could he keep going, for sure enough there were the lions at last, one on each side of his path. But Christian kept on going forward, and as he drew nearer, he saw they were chained, so could not harm him, and he passed them both in safety.

Even today this little story from John Bunyan's book has its lesson for us. To be sure we have no real lions to fight but we all have our hard things to do even as Christian had. How about the girl who just can't stop biting her nails, the boy who just has to get in a fight every time some playmate teases him, the child who just can't pass a candy shop, without buying candy, even if the money is part of what was given him for the offering?

If John Bunyan were here today he would say, "Children those are your lions, your hard things you have to meet as Christian met his."

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THE CHILDREN'S HERO COP (Founded on fact)

INTRODUCTION: Do any of you cross streets when you go to school? What are passing up and down continuously? Do they stop every time a boy or girl wants to cross? What makes it safe for you to cross? The traffic cop is often in danger. He must stand right there, in the middle of the street, no matter what happens. A policeman's motto is: "Face every emergency without fear, and help those in need of danger." Our story this morning is a true one of what happened to a traffic cop, when he saved some children from great danger.

THE STORY: It was on one of the business streets of New York City. School was dismissed; and the children thronged the sidewalks. Hundreds of children must cross to the opposite side on their way home. Huge trucks and hundreds of autos rushed back and forth, thronging the streets, making crossing impossible. How could the children make their way in safety to the other side? All of them were in the grammar grades; some of them were very small.

Safety lay through one way and one way only. Watch the traffic cop and obey his signal.

Now this particular traffic cop loved children. For years it had been his duty to stand at this particular crossing, and see that the children reached the other side in safety. Today, as always, he held up his hand, and as traffic stopped gave the signal for the children to cross. Just as the last ones were about over, people on the sidewalk gave a shout. A horse, mad with fear, dragging a delivery wagon after him, came frantically down the street. For one minute it looked as though Bob and Sally would be killed, as paralyzed with terror, they stood right in the

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path of the galloping horse. But Mr. Traffic Cop was there, right on his job. Seizing Bob in one hand and Sally in the other, he flung them both to safety. Then, seizing the bridle of the frenzied horse, he held on with all his might. For some minutes it looked as though our brave Traffic Cop would be killed as the terrified beast kicked and plunged.

Finally the grip on his bridle was too much for him and he stopped, trembling in every limb.

The traffic cop lay in the street, cold and still. Was he killed? Men rushed to help him, and quickly carried him to a neighboring drug store, while others led the trembling horse away.

Then an ambulance came rapidly up the street, and our hero traffic cop was quickly taken to the hospital. Here he lay many days and nights, part of the time unconscious from wounds on his head. One wound was so big that the doctors had to use a small silver plate to mend it. The first conscious words he uttered were, "Did all the children get over safe?"

And, oh, how the children missed him! What could they do to show they loved him?

"Let's send him some flowers," they said. Now flowers cost much money, but every child resolved to give something. Some shook their small banks and gathered up the pennies that fell out. Some earned a nickle or dime doing errands. Some went without ice-cream cones. Every child brought something, and so the money was raised. Then came a trip to a nearby florist for the best flowers that could be bought for their money. A big bunch of red carnations was chosen to which was tied a card that read, "For our Hero, from his boys and girls."

My, how pleased he was! "Helps me get well just to see them," he said.

And then one day, weeks later, there stood their traffic

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cop, spic and span as ever, but thin and pale from his illness. My, how glad the children were to see him. He smiled back at them, then held up his hand. Traffic stopped, and every child passed safely across. The children waved their hands and scattered for home.

"I sure love those kids," he said, "Best kids in all the world." What he had done to save them seemed nothing to him. He had only done his duty, but every child knew his traffic cop was a hero.

STORY SERMONS
ABOUT FRIENDS NEAR AND FAR

SLENG LEARNS TO FACE DEATH WITHOUT FEAR

APPROACH: A picture of the Christ—the very best procurable.

INTRODUCTION: I am going to put this picture where we can all see it, while I tell this story of Sleng, our Chinese friend. After I have finished this story, I want each one of you to ask yourself, "What would I have done?"

THE STORY: It was a terrible time in China. A great uprising against all Christians had come. The Boxers said, "Give up your Christian religion, or you die."

Now Sleng was a Christian Chinese boy. He had seen his whole family taken prisoners. He knew he might never see them again. His father's last words to him were, "A Christian need never be afraid, my son. Never forget it."

Then the Boxers took away Sleng's family but they decided to spare him. He was such a bright, interesting looking lad; he would be sensible about it, once his father was gone, and give up this strange Christian religion.

Soon they returned and with them a tall officer. Sleng trembled, but looked firmly into the eyes of the officer. "What's all this, I hear about you?" said he. "I am a Christian," said Sleng firmly.

"You will be beaten if you say that again," said the officer.

"But it is the truth," said Sleng.

"Supposing I ordered you killed, what then?" said the officer.

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"My Father said that Christians need not fear, whatever comes."

The officer looked at him a moment and then taking him by the arm said, "Come with me!"

Sleng trembled in every limb. Something dreadful would surely happen to him now.

At last they entered a great house, much finer than Sleng had ever seen before.

Here the captor stopped and eyed him sternly. "Where is your family?" he asked. "I don't know," said Sleng. "The Boxers took them away." Big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"You are a foolish lot," said the man. "Didn't you all know, if you would say you were not Christians, you would all escape?"

Sleng shook his head. "Christians don't lie," he said.

The man continued to look at him. Finally he said, "See here, you stay here. I'll be back for you soon. Will you stay?"

"Yes, I'll stay," said Sleng.

"Probably he has gone to get some soldiers to kill me," he thought. He glanced at the door, it was unfastened. "Now's your chance," said a voice. "Escape while there's time." But again he seemed to hear his father's voice. "Christians don't need to fear." "I'll stay," he thought.

At last the officer returned. He was alone. No soldiers with him.

He looked at Sleng, much surprised.

"Why didn't you run away?" he asked.

"I promised to stay," said Sleng.

This time the man was greatly astonished. He had purposely gone to give Sleng a chance to escape, and here he still was.

"See here, boy," said the officer, "I like you. I want to keep you in my home here. Just tell me you will wor-

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ship my idols, and I'll spare your life. You shall be my boy. If not—well, you know what happens to Christians."

"Yes, I know," said Sleng, "But I am a Christian, I must be a Christian."

The officer continued to look hard at Sleng. Never had he seen a boy like him.

At last he said, "I know you are a Christian now. But some day you will see how foolish you are. Some day you will change."

Sleng thought that all he had to say was one word, "Perhaps." Then he knew that this great man would spare his life, would be kind to him always. But no, he could not say that word. Sooner would he die.

He shook his head firmly. "No," he said, "Christians do not change."

It seemed hours before the man spoke again.

"Sleng, you are a strange boy, a brave boy. Stay with me here, even if you are a Christian, now and always.

(From "China Picture Stories." Adapted for use and used with permission of the Missionary Education Movement.)

A CHINESE ROBBER HAS HIS PICTURE TAKEN

(A True Story)

APPROACH: A small pocket Kodak.

INTRODUCTION: How many of you boys and girls ever take pictures.

Our story this morning tells of a man who one day won freedom for himself and his family by taking a picture of a bandit. Here is the story.

THE STORY: Seated in a big Chinese row boat, four feet wide, were the Missionary doctor, his wife and their

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three sons. Robert the eldest was ten years old. None of the three boys had ever seen America. Born in China they knew nothing of the great country to which they were now going.

"Won't it be fine, when we are actually on the great steamer," said Robert.

To the boys it was one great big adventure, this sail down the river in the big Chinese boat, but to the tired doctor and his wife it meant hard earned rest. After twelve years of the hardest work imaginable. Tall dark and forbidding towered the great high banks on each side of the river. Frequently bandits hid in this darkness, making travel dangerous and uncertain.

"We shall all be glad when this trip is over," thought the doctor.

It was too dark to go further. The big boat must now dock for the night. The boys slept soundly in their close quarters, but the good doctor and his wife sat side by side, talking in low tones of the days to come.

Suddenly the boat began to tip to one side. In the darkness, three Chinese men climbed hastily aboard and walked towards the doctor. Before a word could be said one of the men spoke rapidly in Chinese. "You must come with us to the mountain. We are robbers. Our business is to hold you prisoner, till your ransom is paid. Come with us quietly and no harm will be done you."

"Don't be afraid," said the doctor quietly. "Get the boys, we must go with them."

Too well he knew resistance would be useless. It was a matter of a few moments only, to arouse the three boys and get them ready to go with the robbers to the mountains.

"Father, where are we going?" said Robert in a frightened whisper. "Who are these men? Where are they taking us?"

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"Don't fear, son," said his Father. "These men will not hurt us if we go with them quietly. Our country America will come to our aid when it hears."

So all night long the little family traveled through the dense woods, following the robbers to the very heart of the forest.

The robbers spoke not one word, but at last as morning broke, they said, "We will go no further, we will rest here for a time."

Now it chanced that in the pocket of his coat, the doctor happened to discover he had with him his small pocket Kodak.

"What if I should take their pictures?" he thought. "It might please them and put them in good humor with us." So he watched his chance and when his captors were not looking, he pressed the little button and, presto, their picture was taken. Now to show them what he had done.

He quickly washed the film. The robbers' picture became clear. Can you imagine their astonishment. They looked at the picture and passed it from hand to hand. Then they looked at the mysterious black box. The leader inquired eagerly. "If I bring my wife and children, can you make a picture of them?"

"Certainly," said the doctor. It was the work of a few moments only to summon the robber's family. They promptly lined themselves up for a picture, which in due time was delivered to them. There could be no mistake; there was the robber, his wife, and two small children, all out of that mysterious black box.

Meanwhile the children quickly became friends and began to play together, as though they had always known one another.

A spirit of peace and good will prevailed. The doctor and his wife stood quietly by and prayed that all might yet be well.

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Finally the chief robber came towards them. In his hand he held a card with Chinese lettering on it. "Take this," he said. "You and your family are free to go, for it is plain to all of us that you are no ordinary man. I am the chief robber throughout this district. Show this card and no one will dare molest you for I am your friend."

So the good doctor and his family got to America with little delay after all, and thanked a kind Heavenly Father, who had showed them that even in the heart of a Chinese robber there can come friendship and good will.

HARU'S HAPPY FLOWER

"Adapted from the 'Here and There' story, 'Haru's Happy Flower.' Published by the Department of Missionary Education and World Friendship, Congregational Education Society, Boston, Mass. Used by permission."

INTRODUCTION: Our story this morning will be about a Children's Day across the seas, in far away Japan. We shall hear about a Japanese boy, the hard time he had getting his "happy flower," as he called it, for Children's Day, and the big surprise that came to Haru at the end.

THE STORY: Haru was waiting patiently for Mother to finish taking the silk from a few more cocoons before he carried it all to the factory. Poor Mother, how tired she got. Haru did wish she did not have to work so hard. It had been so different when Father was here. But now Father had lost his work because he was ill and was traveling around from shrine to shrine, bringing prayer sticks to the Gods, so they would make him well.

On Sunday Haru went to the missionary lady's Sunday school and he was beginning to think that perhaps if Father knew about the missionary lady's God he could make him

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well. Jesus had always been making people well when he was on earth, it seemed.

This Sunday Haru heard about Children's Day. It was Flower Sunday and each boy and girl was to bring some kind of plant all blossomed to put in the Sunday School room. Haru wondered where in the world he could get a plant, for plants cost money, and they had so very little. "You see, Mother, I just must have a plant to take," said Haru. "All the children will bring some. If I could but get a very little one."

"We'll find one somewhere," said Mother cheerfully.

Right across the street from where Haru lived were some lovely flower gardens where they raised flowers to sell. "But what good were flowers to sell if you had no money to buy?" thought Haru sadly. And then suddenly something happened. The man who owned the gardens called to him.

"Would you care to carry some flowers around for me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir, gladly will I," said Haru. All the long afternoon he carried plants to different parts of the city. When at last he had finished he was, oh, so tired. But all for his own he carried home a lovely white lily, with a bud that ought to open in about two weeks. "And after it has been to Sunday School we will save it for Father. I'm sure he will come before long," thought Haru.

Day by day Haru watered and cared for his "happy flower," as he called his plant, and his joy was unbounded as slowly the white bud unfolded into a lovely fragrant lily. When Sunday came Haru carried his lovely lily, his "happy flower" to the service on Children's Day. And now it would soon be all his, his very own happy flower for Father.

Then he heard the teacher say, "Perhaps this year, just

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once, you would like to carry your flowers to the hospital to make the sick people happy." Father's lovely lily! Oh, he just could not give his happy flower to any one but Father. The teacher had said "if you would like to—" Well, then he wouldn't like to. It was his flower, he had earned it, he had watered it, he had watched it grow, he would keep it. The others might give theirs if they wished, but he would never give away Father's happy flower. On and on went his wild thinking. Now a lovely lady from the hospital was telling about the poor sick people in the hospital. Why, Father was sick too, somewhere! He would perhaps want Haru to take his happy flower to them. And now they were singing the last song. Haru must decide. The children were forming a line carrying their plants to the sick people. Then Haru decided. Yes, he would take his too. He felt certain that is what Father would wish.

When they got to the hospital the children passed from cot to cot placing their flowers in the eager out-stretched hands of the little sick children. But Haru still kept his.

"I want to give mine to a sick man," he said. So they took him to the men's ward. Slowly Haru walked up the long room with his lily. Then at last he stopped. This man must be very sick. He looked so white and he lay with his eyes closed. He did not even notice Haru as he stopped by his bed. For this man looked strangely like Father. He would leave his happy flower here.

"See, I have brought you a lily," he began, but he got no further, and Haru with a glad cry tumbled on the bed, lily and all. For Father had come here to be well. Some one had told him about the real God and about some of his people who had a hospital where he might get well. So Father had come here and was really getting well at last. "Only think," said Haru, after they had talked and

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talked, "how Father almost didn't get my happy flower. Oh, I'm so glad I brought it to the hospital to make somebody happy!"

THE STORY OF THE FISKE JUBILEE SINGERS

APPROACH: A picture of President Lincoln.

INTRODUCTION: You will remember that from month to month we are searching out our friends in many lands. We are on our magic carpet flying through the air, straight to the dark country of Africa. Here we may find many splendid friends, and you will be interested this month in hearing some of their stories. (Shows Lincoln's picture.)

"Who can tell me what great things President Lincoln did for the slaves?" My story this morning is about some of these slaves. It is a story of marvelous achievement.

THE STORY: They were a small band of negro singers, penniless and unknown. Often they were turned from hotels and lodging houses and driven from railroad stations because of their color; again and again they had no money to buy necessary food and clothing. Yet they sang their slave songs for the crowned heads of Europe, and were received with honor by the President of the United States. After three years of untold hardship they returned home with nearly \$100,000 for their beloved cause. Listen and you shall hear the stories of the Fiske Jubilee Singers, one of the most amazing in all history.

Immediately after the close of the Civil War a big task confronted America. It was to educate the thousands of helpless ignorant slaves of the South, to teach them not only to read and write, but also trades that they might work and so support themselves. So little schools started

up everywhere, in little cabins, in army tents, in log huts, under the open sky.

Among the largest and best known of these schools was one at Nashville, Tenn. Some old hospital buildings were purchased and hastily converted into class rooms and dormitories. Teachers were then secured, and the doors opened to all negroes who cared to come. Over 1000 students were enrolled the very first year, and Fiske University, as it was known later, was established.

But after a very few years, difficulties came thick and fast. The buildings, hastily and cheaply constructed, began to fall into decay. There was no money for new buildings, no money even to repair the old. What could be done?

It was in this dark hour that help came from a most unexpected source. Among the college students at this time were some who could sing the negro melodies with rare beauty and touching sweetness. It was suggested to these singers that some of them go out from Fiske University, singing their songs to people everywhere and filling the needs of their beloved school.

At last, followed by the good wishes and prayers of the whole university, the little band of thirteen "Jubilee Singers" (as later they came to be called) started out. What courage was theirs we can scarcely imagine. Where was the money to come from, for their food and travel; would white people care to hear negroes sing their slave songs; would they pay to hear them? Would they be allowed railroad travel, hotel rooms, concert halls? But had they even guessed what hardships were before them, could they have started out so bravely that day? Often after a hard day's work, they were turned from hotels, because of their color. Trains refused to carry them on their way. Their funds gave out; the weather grew cold and wintry. They needed clothes; some of them became ill from exposure

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and lack of food. Yet in spite of all, the magic of their wonderful singing began to win them a welcome. Big churches and concert halls opened their doors, and dollars came pouring in.

At last there came a never-to-be-forgotten night in the great city of Boston. Forty thousand people from all parts of the country had gathered in the great Colosseum, to hear these negroes sing their slave songs. In closing, by request, they sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" with such marvelous success that at the conclusion of the hymn the great audience rose to its feet in wild applause. "Glory, glory, hallelujah," sounded the choir of singers. The orchestra and the great band joined the volume of mighty sound. Men threw their hats in the air, women waved their handkerchiefs, while with one voice the shout resounded through the Colosseum: "The Jubilees, the Jubilees, forever!"

And it is indeed so, for the songs of the Fiske Jubilee Singers will never die. Today they are known the world over as the "Negro Spirituals," the only American folk-songs. (It would be most fitting if a negro spiritual could be sung to the children at this time, as "Deep River" or "Steal away to Jesus." Copies of these spirituals may be secured from music stores or the public library, or the children could themselves sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

A JOURNEY IN A FREIGHT-CAR

INTRODUCTION: Today we are to hear about a Moslem boy named Ibrahim. Our story shows how brave he was one time when all alone, traveling in a freight-car, surrounded by enemies.

THE STORY: It was at the close of the great World

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War. Thousands of boys and girls found themselves homeless, in a strange land, with parents dead.

Among them was Ibrahim, a bright-eyed, eager, courageous Moslem lad. Had he not survived the three hundred miles of weary tramping through a strange land? Had he not seen thousands perish by the way, and was he not alone and friendless? Yet he would not give up. Life was still before him. He lifted eager eyes to the English officer standing near. "A fine lad that," thought Captain Richards. "I need just such a boy in my household. I will give him a chance." So Ibrahim became an orderly to Captain Richards, and for the first time in his life learned to know Christian people.

All went well until one day Captain Richards called Ibrahim to him and said, "Ibrahim, you have served me well and faithfully, but I must return to England. How I wish I might take you with me, but I have found another home for you, with an American missionary's family. Will you go to them?"

Ibrahim felt sad indeed to part from his good friend, Captain Richards. He thought a moment. "But, sir," he said, "these people are not worshipers of Allah. My father would have thought them infidels."

"But they are kind, these Christian people," said Captain Richards. "They will send you to school, you will have a good home with them. You can still be a Moslem, if you wish, just as you were with me."

Ibrahim thought a moment longer. Finally he said, "I would like to live with them, but they must know I will not be forced to leave the religion my father taught me. I am a Mohammedan. I worship Allah." And Ibrahim drew himself up very proudly.

So now we find Ibrahim a member of a Christian missionary family. Here again he soon made friends with all. He studied hard, and did his work well, and every

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day he worshiped Allah, his father's God. But slowly a change was coming over him. Who was this Jesus whom Christians believed in? He decided he would read his life. Slowly he came to believe Jesus was a greater man than Mohammed. Jesus thought nothing of himself, only of others. Every day of his life was full of work for others. Mohammed taught cruel warfare, war that had brought such awful suffering upon thousands he knew. Jesus preached that war was wrong. He died a cruel death rather than fight his enemies. Day after day Ibrahim thought it all through. Then came the test. He found himself alone with two companions in a freight-car on his way to Tabriz, a long, long, journey beset with dangers.

Suddenly a crowd surged round the car. Ibrahim's life was in danger. "Let us in," said the burly leader. He thought, This boy is far from his American friends. They can not help him. "Come let us in," he shouted. Ibrahim kept silent. "Who are you anyway," demanded the man with an angry scowl. Ibrahim took a step forward. He drew a long breath. He cared not if they killed him. His resolve was taken. "I am a Christian," he said proudly. Tall and straight he stood, a brave Moslem lad, but fourteen years old. The crowd fell back ashamed. They could not hurt him, Christian though he was.

Today Ibrahim is studying to be a Christian minister. Some day he will go back to his people, and show them how to be Christians too. (This story is based on the story "Ibrahim of Kurdistan," in *Tales from Moslem Lands*, copyright by the Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada, used by permission.)

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HASAN, THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT LIE

INTRODUCTION: How many boys and girls here feel it is easy to tell the truth at all times? How many feel that telling the truth may sometimes bring us into difficulties? This is sometimes the case when we have done wrong, and resolve to "own up." Our story this morning is about our Moslem friend, Hasan. At one time a lie would have been such an easy way out of his trouble, but he chose to tell the truth, no matter what the cost.

THE STORY: From the very first day of his entrance into the orphanage Hasan became knight errant to the lovely American lady who was "mother" to all the orphan boys and girls there. Almost pathetic he was in his efforts to find some little service he could render her. It was the proudest day of his life when she called him to her office and told him that he should have the care of it. She showed him how to sweep the floor and dust the furniture, without disturbing what was on her desk. A great trust this, but Hasan's shining eyes said, "You shall see, I will be worthy."

Clumsily at first, but with utmost care Hasan went about his new task. All went well and each morning his lovely lady smiled at Hasan as she entered the spotless room.

Then one day as Hasan was dusting her chair, the corner of his loose pocket brushed across her desk and over the watch, too near the edge for safety. With a crash it struck the floor and the crystal flew off in splinters. Hasan turned and saw what had happened with a sickening feeling of horror. To Hasan the watch was a priceless thing. Moreover, it belonged to the lady he well nigh worshiped. And now, he had returned her

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goodness by carelessly destroying her choicest possession. With terror in his heart he fled from the room.

But all day long Hasan was in torture. When he opened his lesson book he could see no words, only the picture of a broken watch. It looked up at him from his plate of beans at meal-time; he saw it on the playground; it followed him to bed and kept him awake thinking, "What shall I do, what shall I do?" Perhaps by now she thought the cat had done it. Happy thought! He would go to her room as usual and pretend to have no knowledge of it. But he could not bring himself to do this. He hastened there early, went nervously through his work and dashed out again before she should come in the door.

Three days of misery and then he could stand it no longer. He decided he would ask the friendly old gateman what he should do. The old man grinned, "Nothing easier my son. Tell her when you entered her room that morning you found the cat on her desk. If she asks questions, I will swear I saw the cat jump in through the window."

Ah, that was the very thought Hasan had been fighting for days. And here it was again. He was suddenly furious at the old man. "Tell a lie to her who saved me from misery, and has taken the place of my mother a hundredfold? Shame on your white beard! No, I will go and tell her all, and then flee from her anger, out again into the bitter world."

So saying he ran quickly to his lady's room and without word or greeting he poured out his sorry tale. Then quickly he turned to leave, lest he see the look of anger in her face, or hear her words of bitter reproach. But before he could reach the door, her voice gentle, sweet and tender stopped him.

"Hasan, my son, come back," she said. Then he looked up into her face. To his amazement he saw not alone sympathy and love, but pride, yes pride in him, Hasan.

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"Hasan," she said, "the truth is worth more to me than all the watches in the world. The crystal can be restored, but had you lied to me, your soul would have been marred forever. You have kept your honor whole, and I am proud of you." She laid the watch in his hand. "Will you take it to the goldsmith's and ask him to replace the crystal?"

(This story is adapted for use from the story, "The Crystal Conscience" in *Tales from Moslem Lands*. Copyright by the Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada. Used by permission.)

THE CAVE OF THE JINN

INTRODUCTION: A small idol or picture of one may be shown as illustrative of the types of belief taught by some world religions. The Jinn of our story was supposed to be a powerful evil spirit, who would punish with dire destruction human beings who dared invade his domain. But two Moslem boys entered his cave nevertheless. This is their story.

THE STORY: Dire news had been received in the little town of Ushmuk. The Kurds were threatening its destruction, and at any moment might descend upon the inhabitants. All night the elders of the ill-fated town had taken council together. They ordered the gates closed, stationed troops along the walls, and telegraphed the Persian government for aid. They could do no more. One day a breathless runner arrived with more evil tidings. Their water supply, the finest and purest in all Persia, was running foul. "The Kurds have turned the course of the stream, as it comes from the mountains," panted the runner. Hope died within the hearts of the people, for no town might survive once its water supply was cut off. Long

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and earnestly pondered the council, but they could do nothing.

Just then the governor raised his troubled eyes. There in the doorway stood two boys. How dared they intrude upon the city council in such an hour as this! "Well, what might you want?" demanded the governor sternly. "Be quick, and then be gone."

The two boys salaamed to the ground. "If you please, Sirs," said one, "we can show you where there is plenty of good water within the city."

"Who are you and where do you come from?" came the stern demand.

"I am Habit, the Moslem boy, and this is my friend Achmet," answered the older of the two. "Oh, Sirs," he added eagerly, "do but come with us, that we may show you the hidden spring."

The men took council together for a moment. Then the governor said, "May you grow black in the face and your hair fade out if you can not show us the spring! Lead on!"

Fearlessly the two lads turned and led the way, for the hidden spring was well known to both. Straight ahead they walked, the city council to a man following them. At last they came to a small cave. "The spring is within," said Habit simply. "The cave of the Jinn," gasped the elders. "Why boy you are crazy; no one enters that cave and comes out alive, you are mad."

"We've both been in this cave a score of times," said Habit. "The water is sweet and clear. There is no jinn in there. This very moment we will enter the cave together and bring you some of the water. We fear no jinn."

So saying, Habit stopped and crawled through the opening, with Achmet after him. Then followed a period of breathless anxiety, for those waiting outside. They feared

not alone for the boys, but for the vengeance of the great Jinn, with his private domain so rudely invaded. Five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes passed. It seemed an hour. Slowly an anxious crowd gathered. "They will never come out alive," they whispered one to the other.

But at that very moment the heads of the two boys appeared at the mouth of the cave. Now they stood erect, each with a water-skin. Slowly they each poured a cup of water and drank before the crowd. Again and again they filled their cups with water and passed them around among the people. One by one all drank. No one was hurt, no one dropped dead. It was a miracle. The governor drank last. As he reached out his hand for the brimming cup he said, "Tell me how is it you learned not to fear the great Jinn?"

"We are Christians," said Habit simply. "We have learned at the mission school, from our great missionary teacher, not to fear. He himself went with us, into the cave to show us no jinn was within. Since which time, we have both been in many times." The people listened in wonder and amazement.

And from that day the power of the great Jinn was broken, through the courage and faith of the two brave Moslem boys. Their town was saved.

(This story is adapted for use from the story of the same name, in *Fez and Turban Tales*. Used by permission.)

STORY SERMONS
ABOUT GIANTS

A STORY ABOUT TWO GIANTS

Our Bible tells us a story about some giants. The people of Israel were about to march into the promised land, the land of Canaan. Moses, their leader, wanted to know what the land was like and what hard things he would have to face, so he sent some men on ahead to find out. And do you know these men came back with such a discouraging report of what they found that Moses could not persuade the people to go up and take the land God had promised to give them. For these men said, "There are *giants* in that land. When we saw them we seemed as small as grasshoppers."

And the people believed the report and refused to go one step.

Now I strongly suspect that if those Israelites had only followed Moses then, they would have found those giants easily beaten and many of them would have been their friends. Indeed, years later when they did go up, that is what they did find. If only they hadn't been afraid.

Now we are going to talk about some giants this morning—giants that go about today doing all sorts of harm, but we can get the best of them if we try hard enough, as we shall see.

The first one is "Giant Good Enough." This giant is always on the run, forever in a hurry. If he has anything to do he always thinks of something else he would rather do somewhere else. So everything he does is only half done, nothing done as well as he could do it. "That's good enough, I'll get by." If he says those words once

he says them a dozen times a day, and if he does not say them he thinks them.

Giant Good Enough has a twin brother, "Giant Don't Care." They are very often seen traveling around together. After Giant Good Enough has said, "I'll get by with it," Giant Don't Care is always near to say, "And who cares, if you don't? I don't care." If it were not for Giant Don't Care I think maybe Giant Good Enough would sometimes try a little harder, for he can do fine work when he wants to.

I saw Jack the other day raking up leaves and some way he reminded me of these old Giants. You see Jack's mind was on getting with the gang, not on his work. So he worked very fast and very badly. The heaps of leaves kept blowing about and Jack didn't begin to rake them all up.

"That's good enough," he finally said and off he went, and I suspect that if old Giant Good Enough could have seen this he would have given a big laugh and said, "There's a boy just like me. He'll get by."

And then there is Lucy dusting the sitting-room. Lucy works very fast too, for she has an interesting book she wants to finish, so she moves nothing on the table, wipes the books carelessly, doesn't touch the magazines and forgets the lamp. "There, that's good enough," she says and grabs her book and runs upstairs.

Do you know anybody that does their work like that? There is a verse in our Bible that will get the best of these old giants every time, if we will do what it says. This is the verse; "Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do with thy might." Shall we ask God to help us?

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GIANT TRY AGAIN

Last Sunday we talked about two giants that do a good bit of harm in the world. Can any of you name them. Have you seen them around anywhere this week? I hope you remembered our verse that put them both on the run.

This morning we are to hear of a very fine giant. It is because of him that all the really worthwhile work in the world is done. The name of this giant is "Try Again." Giant Try Again is a very hard worker. Often he works all day long and even into the night. But you see he loves to work. Work is like fun to him.

If Giant Try Again has any piece of work to do he goes right at it, and goes at it with a will. And the best part about it is, he won't let himself get discouraged. He may see others getting there ahead of him, but his motto is "If at first I don't succeed, I'll try, try again," and in the end he always does succeed.

What do you suppose would have happened to flying machines if way back all those years ago the Wright brothers hadn't kept on trying? People laughed at them, thought they were crazy, out of their heads to say machines could be made to fly like birds through the air. But the Wright brothers kept right on trying and proved what they believed was true. Machines could be made to fly.

And it was just the same way with Mr. Ford. How people made fun of him as he tried and tried again to make a machine go without a horse to pull it.

"It can't be done, Mr. Ford," so they said, "you might as well give up."

"I won't give up," said Mr. Ford, "you keep on laughing and I'll keep on trying." And that's just what he did do and we all know how well he succeeded.

It is said that the great Robert Bruce of Scotland be-

came discouraged because of enemies and the many hard things in his way. "I might as well give up," he said, "it's no use." One day tired out, he lay under a tree resting. And as he lay there he saw a spider trying to spin her web. Again and yet again she fastened her tiny thread then let go, only to have the thread break with her weight. Bruce, as he lay watching, became filled with admiration as he saw the tiny insect try and try and try to make her thread hold.

"If she tries once more, I will too," he thought watching her efforts. And she did try again and this time her thread held. Bruce rose from the ground determined he too would succeed, and he did.

How about it, boys and girls. What about the school grades you failed to make, the examination you failed to pass, the bat you can't make hit the ball, the music lesson you can't seem to learn. Are you going to give up? Or are you going to think of good old Giant Try Again and go in and win? Let's all remember these two little words and good old Giant Try Again all this week and don't forget you won't have to try alone, God will help.

THE THANK YOU GIANT

You know for some Sundays we have been talking about giants. Some of them we have been glad to meet, others have not been so good. But today we are to hear about a fine one. He is Giant "Thank You." Giant Thank You is not particularly well off, but he thinks he is and to hear him talk you would think he was a millionaire. Every day he seems to find something new to be thankful for. One day it's his good strong body. Another day his eyes that see everything without glasses. He hasn't any car, but how thankful he is for his good stout legs

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that carry him about everywhere he wants to go. People are glad to see him coming and to hear his cheery "thank you," for everything anybody does for him, like his clean wash, his morning paper, his good breakfast and things like that, things that most people never think of saying a thank-you for. Something that surprises this good Giant very much is to see the way children seem to take so much for granted. Yes, and big people too.

The other day he heard two girls talking about mothers. One girl had no mother. She noticed the pretty clothes the other was wearing and said, "Who makes all your clothes, Marie?"

"Why, Mother," said Marie.

"Isn't that wonderful," said her friend, "to think she takes so much time and trouble for you.

"Well, I don't know," said Marie, "That's what mothers are for." Just like that! Giant Thank You could hardly believe his ears. And the other day he actually heard of a boy who made out a bill to his own mother for things she had asked him to do and he thought he ought to get pay for doing, like washing his hands for dinner and getting up when she called, brushing his teeth and practicing his music lesson. I tell you such things make Giant Thank You open his big eyes very wide.

Once every year our President calls on all the people of the United States to say "Thank You," not to each other, but to God, God who gives us all we have. We call it Thanksgiving Day. Our Bible says, "Bless Jehovah, oh my soul and forget not all his benefits." Gifts, that is. For we do forget, everyone of us, to say Thank You, don't we? Days, weeks go by and we never give God's benefits a thought. There is our fine yard where we have such good times playing; the big tree where our swing hangs, the family car that has given us so many good rides; Tyke, our faithful dog, always ready to be pal and

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playmate, even Toodles our pussy cat. When we get home let us make a list of some of the good gifts our Father has given us and when you have them ready I should be ever so glad to see them. How about it boys and girls, shall this be Thank You week for us all?

TWO GIANTS WHO ARE FRIENDS

You would never think they could be friends, these two giants, they are so unlike. They are Giant Grouch and the Happy Giant. In fact if it were not for Giant Happy I don't believe they would be friends at all, but Giant Happy makes friends everywhere he goes and some way he feels so sorry for Giant Grouch he just can't stop trying to help him all he can. It is this way. Giant Grouch is very rich, very rich indeed. He rides around in a big Rolls Royce every day. He lives in a mansion in winter-time and every summer he shuts up his mansion and travels about wherever he wants to go. His table is loaded with good things to eat. Once he had turkey three times in a week and ice cream he has every single day, with ice cream cones in between. They say he keeps a barrel of candy in his cellar, to eat whenever he wants it, but I am not certain as to that.

"My what a fortunate giant!" you think? Well, he is, but you should see him, for he doesn't think so. He has such a deep frown all the time boys and girls are afraid to go near him.

Every day Giant Happy who lives in a house nearby goes to see him and tries to cheer him up. "Well, Friend, and how are you feeling today?" he asks. "Bad, very bad," says Giant Grouch. "I didn't sleep one wink last night. In fact I almost never sleep."

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"What did you have to eat?"

"Oh, things I usually have, but I can't relish food, and have no appetite."

"How about a brisk walk to give you one. And then a good piece of bread and butter," said Giant Happy.

"I never walk a step," said Giant Grouch, "and bread and butter is never on my table. How can you keep walking about every day? It makes me tired just to look at you."

Giant Happy burst out laughing. "Well, come now, it makes me tired to think of sitting around all day like you do. Besides I have no car to ride in, but come lets strike a bargain. The boys are having a ball game. I'll ride with you to see them play this game.

"Is it a bargain? Boys are such fun!"

"Boys," said Giant Grouch, "I never go near them. Their yells make my head spin. No thank you."

And so it goes day after day. Giant Happy never fails to try and cheer up Giant Grouch, and Giant Grouch just won't be cheered. That's all there is to it. Yet every day he looks forward to Giant Happy's visit and misses him if he doesn't come.

Do you know I think there are children just like these two giants. No matter how hard mother tries to please Sadie buying her the prettiest frocks and clothes, Sadie never looks pleased, while plain little Mary wears her sister's hand-me-downs and almost never has a new dress, but she looks happy every day of her life.

Tom has an air rifle, a gold watch, and rides in a big car to school, while John walks every day and hasn't any kind of a watch, yet his cheerful grin is a sight to see, while Tom always seems to be so busy planning how to buy more things, he has no time to enjoy all the things he does have.

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And this teaches me a lesson. It is not what you have that makes you happy, but the way you feel inside. You watch out and see if it isn't true.

GIANT KNOW-IT-ALL

We are going to hear about just one Giant today. His name is Giant Know-It-All. Just as soon as Giant Know-It-All could talk, and that was when he was very young indeed, he began to tell everybody how much he knew. Long before he went to school he knew just what was best to eat. If his mother wanted him to eat cereal and plenty of good bread and butter, vegetables and things like that Giant Know-It-All would always make a fuss. He knew candy and lots of it was good for boys. Why couldn't he eat what he wanted? When he grew older he always knew just what the weather would be before he had so much as stuck his nose outside the door.

"I shall not need my overcoat today, it isn't cold enough." Or "Why do I have to wear my rubbers? My feet won't get wet. I know they won't." When his mother would ask him to brush his teeth so they would be fine and white like his Daddy Giant, well, he knew people didn't need to brush teeth. Indians didn't and look how fine their teeth were. To be sure he had never seen Indians' teeth, but that did not matter, he just knew. And as for taking baths and going to bed on time, oh, what nonsense it all was! When he had a little giant boy he'd let him do what he wanted to, they would see. It's really quite a wonder that he grew up to be a giant at all, only his father and mother giant were so fine and sensible, he found out one day they really did know more than he did and began to listen to them, but his name stuck to him all his life.

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Bobby is crazy for a bicycle. His mother and father say he is too young yet, that in a year or so he may have one. "All the boys have them," says Bobby, forgetting they are all older than he is. He just knows he wouldn't get hurt riding one. "He would rather have one now and get hurt —" and so it goes day after day.

Every time they go for a ride Nancy has a big argument about taking her coat. "I know it won't be cold enough to wear one. I just know it won't." No use to remind Nancy how glad she was that the coat did go along the day before, because she knows that this time it will be different.

Have you ever known children like Nancy and Bobby? Not any of you of course, but other children somewhere?

I tell you it makes us pretty thankful, doesn't it, to know that God our Father put children in homes with wise fathers and mothers to care for them and decide some things for them? The Bible says, "Children"—(and this means no matter how much you know) "obey your parents." And let me tell you it is a pretty safe rule to follow.

THE TWIN GIANTS

To see one giant would be a fine sight, but just think of two walking about side by side. That would be even better. Twins are most always alike. I know some that looked so much alike that even their own mother could hardly tell which was Mary and which was Molly. But our Giant Twins this morning are nothing at all alike, except they are both Giants. Their names are Giant Greed and Giant Give. Even when they were baby giants they were not a bit alike. Giant Greed would lie in his cradle with his fists all doubled up, while Giant Give would laugh and hold out his hands. When their bottles of milk

came Baby Greed would drink his every drop himself, while Baby Give would always hold his bottle out and want everybody to have a taste.

When they grew to be boys, Giant Greed never wanted his brother to ride his bicycle, play with his ball, or look at his book; no indeed; they might get broken or lost. While Giant Give was always saying, "Here, brother, use my skates, or you can take my marbles, have some of my candy."

When they became big giant men, people learned to know they must never ask Giant Greed for a cent of money for hospitals or Thanksgiving dinners or Christmas trees and parties for poor children. "Mercy no, we won't go near him," they said. "He always says he has enough to do to feed himself, pay his own doctor's bills, or save for his old age. We'll ask Giant Give." And to Giant Give they would go.

When Christmas would come Giant Greed would always say, "What's the use of giving to people; they never give me presents, or if they do they're not the things I want."

"Oh, come on, Brother," Giant Give would say, "you don't know what fun it is to give. Come help me carry this Christmas tree to those children over the hill, or help me roll this flour barrel onto Widow Case's porch." Things like that. But it was all no use. Giant Greed kept on putting all his money in the bank for his old age, while Giant Give never thought of his old age, not he.

"You'll die in the Poor House, you'll see," said Giant Greed. Then his brother gave a big laugh. "No, I won't. I'll live to take care of you." And what do you think happened?

One day the Savings Bank went down with a crash and Giant Greed lost every cent he had saved. Then Giant Give just took him home with him and kept him till he

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died. He might have said, "I told you so, Brother," but he never did.

I wonder which really makes us the happiest, getting or giving? Two sisters, Barbara and Beverly were visiting their aunt. One morning she came into the room and gave them each a dime. "I know what I'll do with mine," said Barbara, "I'll take five cents and buy a cone this morning, and the other nickle I'll buy gum with, so I'll have something for afternoon, too."

"I know what I'll do with mine," said Beverly, "I'll buy two cones this morning and give one to you, Cousin Alice."

Which girl was the happier, do you think?

The wonderful giving time is here again. We call it Christmas. We remember that very first Christmas so long, long ago and God's wonderful Gift to his world, the dearest possession he had to give, His precious Baby Jesus.

And Jesus grew to be a man and taught the world how to give. To be sure he had very little money, but whenever he could help people, he did. Whenever he saw people needing kindness and sympathy he gave that. He loved people so much that at last it cost him his life. And today he says—"This is my birthday—do you want to make me happy? Do you want to give me a present? Make someone else happy. Give presents of love and good will, give, give, give and so you and I shall be happy together on my birthday." Shall we try it, boys and girls?

TALKS FOR
DIFFERENT TIMES

BUILDING TEMPLES

INTRODUCTION: How many of you children have ever watched a building go up? Interesting, isn't it? First you watch the foundations being dug, then comes the building of the foundation itself, then, slow but sure, the walls go up, and last of all, comes the roof. Whenever there is building going on you may be sure there will always be people watching.

Perhaps it will surprise you to know that every man, woman and child in the world is building a temple, whether they know it or not. Listen to what our Bible says: "What! Know you not that your bodies are temples—" In other words our bodies are buildings, temples for God's spirit. That is that part of you that thinks, feels, knows, does things, your spirit, a part of God's spirit, the *you* that will never die and that lives while you are in this world, in the temple of your body.

Now every boy and girl here wants a strong, beautiful, fine body and some are going about the right way to get it. The way they are doing it is building their bodies through right habits of living.

Here is Tom. See his bright eyes, his red cheeks, his good muscles. Watch him work, watch him play. Fresh air for Tom every day and plenty of it even at night. Watch him eat his meals, milk, plenty of vegetables and fresh fruit. On time to bed, so plenty of sleep. On time to get up, well rested and ready for another day of work and play.

But here is Sam, "Oh, no," his mother says, "Sam was never strong. He has such a delicate appetite. He hates

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vegetables and never drinks water. It seems as though I never can get him to bed at night or out of it in the morning." Do you wonder Sam's body is small and under sized compared to Tom's?

And here is Nancy. Nancy often complains of feeling tired, and some times has headaches. She has a pretty face, but her face is pale, and she has little energy for anything. We wonder why until we notice that all Nancy's allowance goes for candy and sweets, so she has little appetite for anything else. How different it is with Molly her chum, for Molly enjoys all good, substantial food, while most of her allowance goes into a saving fund to take her to a girl's camp next summer.

But there are other habits that help or hinder in the building of our temples. Every minute we live our brains are actively at work turning out thoughts. Can thoughts make good or bad bodies? Well, there is John. For some reason John is growing a scowl. If things go as he wants them to he smiles, but the least thing contrary to his wishes brings the ugly scowl and bad temper. Back of that scowl are thoughts like this. "Why do I have to carry coal every day? I hate to wash my hands for every meal. Eight o'clock is a ridiculous hour for a big fellow like me to go to bed. How I hate arithmetic." Over and over John thinks thoughts like these. Later came the angry words and bad actions that are deepening that scowl on John's face.

How different we find Jack, for he wears a smile that just won't come off; nothing is too much trouble if he can help anyone. Every day he is thinking thoughts like these; "Father and mother work so hard for me, I love to help them. My kid brother seems to like to tag along. It's fun to give him rides on my sled. Mrs. Jones next door has no one to shovel her walks. She's always giving me apples and cookies. I like to help her." So Jack

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wears that smile day in and day out, and everybody loves to see him coming.

We always used to think Sally so pretty. I wonder what can be the matter. Her face looks very different from a year ago. The older Sally grows the more her thoughts run like this: "Why can't we have an electric radio? I hate our Ford. I wish Dad would buy a Packard. Mary got a new dress today, for the party, Mother says I've got to wear my blue one again; why can't I charge things like Evelyn?" And so it goes, day after day, and Sally's pretty face looks unhappy most of the time and the corners of her mouth droop. She wonders why people always seem to love Frances so, for Frances never has pretty new clothes, but must be contented to wear "made overs" and "hand me downs." Her face is plain too. Yes, but Frances is so cheerful. "Don't you love to hear her laugh?" you will hear people say. For Frances gets the most fun out of life, and her loving life and her unselfishness living makes her friends everywhere. And when Frances grows up she may still have plain features, but she will have a beautiful face!

So boys and girls, how about your temples! Are you building them fine and beautiful every day, by the things you do and the thoughts you think? There is one who stands at our side always ready to help us; shall we ask Him?

HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE YOUR FLAG?

THE STORY: How much do you boys and girls love your flag? Your flag means your country, you know.

Here is a famous story told about a man named Philip Nolan. He was called "the man without a country." Nolan turned traitor to his country and when he came to

trial he became so angry at the judge that in sudden fury he burst out—"I wish I might never see the United States again." And as his punishment the judge declared "Well, you never shall see your country again." And he ordered him put on a ship and said, "never more for the rest of your life shall you see America again, and furthermore, no one shall even be allowed to speak to you of America for the rest of your days."

And then Philip Nolan knew how dearly he loved his country. Oh, how he longed to see America, live in America, or even have people speak to him about his country. But to the day of his death, and he lived to be very old, he never saw his country again, nor ever heard her name mentioned.

Well, you say, we all love America. What would we like to do to show that love? In one of our large cities there is a splendid figure of America and underneath are the words: "Forward America! No one can stop the United States!"

"Forward America." I wonder what we would like to see our country become. What brought the world war? It was because the countries did not love one another enough. Each one wanted to be first; each one wanted to have its own way; each one was striving for the best for itself. And at last a very small quarrel, so it seemed, started the whole world to fighting. And we must never have another world war. It is too terrible to even think of. And the only way that can stop war is love, and love means fair play. Looking out for all the little countries, especially if you are a big country; it means giving up your way and doing what the other countries want whenever possible. And love is the only thing that can do that. Love for others comes from just one thing; love for God. There is a country today that says, "We can do without God, we won't have churches any more; we will tear

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them all down." But no country can live without God and America must love the Russian people and help to show her the way back to God.

"No one can stop the United States." No one? Yes, you can, and you, and you and you. Your country means you and she needs every boy and girl she has to help her if she is to go forward with this message of love. Did you ever hear the names Wops, Shenies, Dagos and Niggers and Chinks? These people did not call themselves that, we gave them these names!

Are you glad if some boy or girl from another country comes to your school? Do you show it by inviting them to share your games and good times? Every time you do this you are helping America go forward with her message of love.

A few Sundays ago a teacher passed papers around the class, with questions to be answered. The last one was: "What do you want to be when you grow up?" One boy wrote, "I want to be a soldier." Many times soldiers must show their love for their country by fighting, sometimes even giving their lives, if necessary. But not many of us are called to love our country that way. But all of us have a greater chance still—we can live for our country, helping her go forward with her message of love to the whole world.

Forward America—no, we won't stop you, not one of us here. We're going to help you every day we live! Watch us.

TAMING A WILD ANIMAL

One day we all saw something like this: The circus is here; the store windows are full of pictures; flaming bill boards tell the same story. What do we see in these pic-

tures? Oh, you know. Great lions, tame and lamblike sitting in a circle on huge boxes; enormous elephants playing sea saw; dogs jumping through hoops held by cunning little monkeys; even seals, it seems, can be taught to ring bells and play games. Well, you know all about the circus: you've been there. How do you suppose they ever train wild animals to do such things? It must take lots of time and patience and hard work to do it. We may be certain of that.

Now the Bible talks about a wild animal. Everybody has one of these wild animals and the Bible says it can't be tamed. Listen, "For every kind of beast and of bird and of serpent and of things in the sea is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind. But the —." Here comes the untamable animal— "Tongue can no man tame." Ah, there we have it, the tongue, and nobody can tame it. That is not true you think? Well, let's see how it works.

"Time for bed, Tom," says Mother. No answer. "Tom, did you hear?" Again Mother speaks.

"How I hate bed," shouts Tom. "Can't you ever let me stay up like Jack? He can sit up all night if he wants to," and so on. And Tom stamps upstairs muttering words against his mother. All words that are not true, none of them. He doesn't hate bed, watch how slow he is getting out some morning. He wouldn't be hired to stay up all night and of course Jack never does. Most of all Tom loves his mother and doesn't mean any of the muttered angry words. It's just his tongue, his untamed tongue that gets the best of him. And that's the way with many of us.

What about tongues that don't tell the truth; you just can't believe the words they say. Did you ever know any untamed tongues like that? The untamed tongues that so often say things that hurt other people. "I can't see how Mary can wear pink with her red hair, but don't tell her

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I said so." But some way the words get back to Mary and she cries bitter tears over her red hair and her pleasure in her pink dress is forever spoiled. Did you ever hear any untamed tongues that did that sort of work?

And then the angry tongues that say so many words we wish they hadn't—. How much happier this old world would be if all the tongues were tamed. Can tongues really never be tamed I wonder? Well, I knew some people who seem to have done it. I think what the Bible really does mean is first, we can't do it alone, and second, we must never give up trying to tame that little wild animal each one of us has.

King David wrote a prayer you may remember and it is written in our Bible. I suspect he knew just how hard it was to tame the tongue. Shall we repeat his prayer? It will help more than anything else we can do.

PRAYER: Set a watch, oh, Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips! Amen.

A DREAM ABOUT A KING

APPROACH: I wonder how many children when they go to sleep, ever dream dreams? Sometimes dreams are so real, they seem as though they must be true. Our story this morning is like that. It is a dream about a king.

THE DREAM: It was night, and behold I dreamed a dream.

Methought I saw in my dream a great palace, and from this palace there came forth servants, passing in and out. "What doest thou all day here?" I asked one. "Behold! I serve the Great King," he made answer. "Every day he sees those who have done his work, whether it be good or bad. Come thou with me, and thou shalt see for thyself, this king and his workers."

So in my dream I followed the servant into a room of the great palace where were many people waiting to see their king.

And then suddenly did I see this king, right in the midst of the people. He wore no crown, nor royal robe. Yet did I know he was the king, for his face was exceedingly kind and wonderful to look upon.

So then in my dream I saw the people draw near to speak with him concerning their work.

And first there came a good father. "Hast thou done well my work this day?" asked the king.

"Alas no," answered he, "for all day long have I worked that I might have money to buy food for my children. I could do no work for Thee, oh King." And then drew near a sweet faced mother. By the hand she led a little child, "All day long have I cared for my child, oh King. He is so very small. Other children have I also. I must prepare our food, and keep our home bright and clean. I could do no work for Thee."

And then there stood a storekeeper before the king. "All day long have I worked in my store. So busy have I been waiting on the people, tying up bundles and weighing out food, no time have I had for a king's work. Yet have I tried to smile upon all, and give good value for their money."

"And I have been all day on a trolley car," said another, "up and down the busy streets have I gone, taking people to their business and back to their home at night. Twice I helped old people on and off, and once I guided a blind man to a seat. Truly, oh King, no time have I had to do thy work."

"And how has it been with thee," said the King kindly, as he turned to a poor woman wrapped in an old faded shawl. "Hast thou worked for me this day?" "Alas no," said she, "all day I have been cleaning floors in office

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buildings. I tried so hard to please and get them clean that I had no time left for thy work."

And so the people came and went, and at last the king asked, "Are these then all who have come?"

"There is a little child here," said one. "He waits without for his mother."

"Let me also see the child," said the King.

And so the child drew near and lifted his happy face to the King. "Hast thou worked for me today my child?"

"Oh, no," said the child.

"What then hast thou done, tell me all."

And the child made answer, "This morning I ate my good porridge and milk. Then I threw some crumbs for the hungry birds. And then I went to school, but I was late, for a little girl had lost her way, and I helped her find her mother. After school I worked for my mother. Then I played till bed time and at night I lay and looked at the bright stars till I fell asleep. I could not do work for a king. I am only a child."

Then the king laid his hand upon the child's head and made answer. "Behold as you all went about your tasks this day with glad faces and love in your hearts, so have you one and all done my work well."

And then the palace faded, the servants were gone, the people I could see no more, only the king, with his hand upon the child.

DIAMONDS OR TOADS, WHICH?

THE STORY: An old, old fairy tale tells about two sisters; one was cross and ill-tempered, the other smiling and loving.

Now it chanced one day that the ill-tempered sister went to the well for a bucket of water and there she un-

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expectedly met her fairy godmother, who asked her for a drink. Ill-tempered as usual the sister refused with a frown, upon which her fairy godmother told her that, as a punishment, every time she spoke a cross word an ugly toad should hop out of her mouth.

Soon after her smiling sister came to the well and once more the fairy godmother appeared and asked for a drink. And so cheerfully and gladly did the smiling sister comply, as indeed her custom always was, that as a reward her godmother promised her that every time she should open her mouth and say a kind and loving word a pearl or diamond should drop from her lips.

Of course it all came true, just as the fairy godmother had said.

Now I suppose had the cross sister known who it was that stood before her asking for a drink and that she would be given a reward if she obeyed pleasantly, she would have smiled and run to get the drink with all haste possible. But as a matter of fact she was so accustomed to being cross and ill-humored she would hardly have found it possible to answer pleasantly and obey willingly, just as it would have been impossible for the smiling sister to have done any differently than she did.

And here is where the story seems to fit us. Of course we really don't go around dropping toads or diamonds every time we speak. No, of course not, but let us pretend we do for a minute.

Down comes Jack to the breakfast table. "Good morning, son," says Mother. Jack makes no reply, a scowl gathers as he glances over the breakfast table.

"Oatmeal again, how I hate it. Why can't we have something else for a change?" and, pop, out jumps a toad and scurries away, but of course Jack doesn't know it.

The door opens and in runs little sister, Janet. "Good morning, Mother," says Janet, and throwing her arms

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about her mother she gives her a hug and a kiss. Why, what was that that dropped? A sparkling diamond, but Janet doesn't see it, of course.

"Hurry children," says Mother, looking at the clock. "You'll be late for school."

"Somebody has put my cap somewhere. I'd thank them to leave my things where I put them," and Jack hastily tumbles everything out of the closet onto the floor, his face still scowling, and oh, my, another little toad hops gleefully off.

Home from school at lunch time, the children find Mother gone, leaving them to eat by themselves. And then such a silly quarrel started all over two cookies. I'd hate to count the toads that hopped away then.

And now it's bed time. "Eight o'clock, children," calls Mother. "Don't let me have to speak again."

And two children kiss Father and Mother good-night and go promptly and quietly to bed, and that night diamonds sparkled on every stair.

Which shall it be this week, children, sparkling diamonds, or ugly black toads?

King David who wrote many of the Psalms in our Bible knew how hard it was to always speak good words. He wrote a prayer about it, shall we all repeat it together?

PRAYER: Set a watch oh, Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips—(Ps. 141:3) Amen.

THE STORY OF THE PROUD LITTLE KNIFE

INTRODUCTION: There is an old, old proverb that says, "Handsome is that handsome does." What does it mean? Listen to our story this morning. (Two knives to illustrate this story may here be shown the children.)

THE STORY: There they lay side by side in the kitchen

drawer, the two paring knives. One was much worn and very plain, with dull blade and dingy handle. The other was shiny with newness, with bright sparkling blade and handle resplendent with blue and white paint truly beautiful to look upon.

"Well, brother," said the shiny knife, "how are you, this morning?"

"Well, thank you," briefly responded the other. "Don't you ever get tired of work?" perused the first.

"Yesterday you were on the go all day long, while here I lay taking it easy and admiring my beauty. It is easy to see my mistress admires me too, she never uses me, but keeps me for show. Bah, I wouldn't be you, with your dull blade and worn handle. Me for the beautiful life."

Just then their mistress came into the kitchen. She must peel the potatoes for dinner and she had only a few minutes in which to do it. Hastily opening the drawer she caught up the proud little knife and began her work. But the shining blade refused to work. "Dear me," she said, "what a miserable knife this is. Where is my little black friend?" and throwing the shining one back in the drawer she hastily caught up the small black knife. "Ah, here you are," she said, "now I can work. You are worth ten of that other one. I don't know why I keep it, except that it looks pretty. It certainly is no use when it comes to work." And she finished her potatoes in record time.

Again that night the two knives lay side by side in the table drawer. "Well brother, and how are you feeling now?" said the black knife, for both had heard what their mistress had said that day. The proud knife was silent. "Remember this, friend," said the black knife, "and perhaps from now on you won't boast quite so much. 'Handsome is that handsome does.'"

I once knew two brothers. The older was a silent, plain, lad, not given much to speech or making many

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friends, but went about his work or play with few words. The younger boy was a jolly, handsome fellow, full of fun. He made friends everywhere he went. Always he could be seen wearing his friends' clothes, riding their bicycles, carrying their watches, and using their things generally.

"What a fine fellow Bob is," said everyone. "Everybody likes him—how different from his brother Harry." True, very true and yet it did not take people very long to find out what his family had always known, that if you wanted a favor done, ask Harry and not Bob. Bob, well he was just too busy with his own good times really to help anyone but himself, and people began to say when they thought of those two brothers, "Handsome is that handsome does."

Jane and Sally are sisters. Sally is so pretty and loving. She has blue eyes and curly hair. Very often she throws her arms around her mother's neck and tells her how she loves her. Such a contrast to her plain sister Jane. "You would not know they were sisters," say her friends. Jane never tells her mother how much she loves her, but mother has learned that in spite of Sally's loving ways and pretty face it is Jane who runs the errands, Jane who sets the table, Jane who has time for a dozen helpful deeds that pretty Sally never has time for. And once more we say, "Handsome is that handsome does."

Yes, it is quite often the plain people who are the workers and who get things done in life. When Abraham Lincoln was a boy he was laughed at for his awkward ways and ungainly features. "Just an awkward rail splitter. Just Abe Lincoln, a gawky country boy." That is what people thought him. In what terms do we think of him today? "Handsome is that handsome does."

WHAT KIND OF BIRTHDAY PRESENT ARE YOU?

INTRODUCTION: How many of you children have birthdays? How many of you have birthdays this month? Do you like birthdays? Why? Yes, to be sure you are growing older, bigger every year you live. Birthdays mean promotion in day-school, church-school, membership in Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, graduation from school. Yes, birthdays mean a hundred and one things you are all wanting to be and do.

Another reason for liking birthdays, you tell me, is because you have birthday presents. Here is a boy who had a watch given him on his birthday, and now when I ask him the time he can tell me. Here is a girl that got a pair of roller-skates, my, what fun ahead for her! Yes, a birthday present is a mighty fine thing to get, and to have a birthday is best of all.

Tell me, did any of you ever once think of being a birthday present? This month we celebrate the birthdays of two men, who made themselves into the finest kind of birthday presents, and they gave these birthday presents of themselves to their country, and to the world. We do not need to name them, we all know them. And whenever the names of Lincoln and Washington are mentioned we remember what we owe them.

How many people there have been in this world whose lives have been birthday presents, whose one thought seemed to be not what I can get out of life, but what can I give? Henry Ford is that kind of man, and so is Edison, still working away hard every day to see what more they can give the world. When people asked Colonel Lindbergh what he would do, now he had finished his great flight, he answered, "I shall keep right on flying." The world was at his feet, he had no need to work, but so long as

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he lives Colonel Lindbergh will keep right on giving—making a birthday present of himself to the world. When you get home you begin to think of people you have heard of or you know that are real birthday presents.

Oh, yes, you say, but these people are all wonderful people. I could never be like them. Not one bit wonderful when they were your age, very ordinary to look at most of them, all of them, poor boys and girls. But they got the idea of giving something to life, and they went ahead with that thought all their days.

Some day your country will call for good business men, fine teachers for the schools, bank presidents, lawyers, skilled workmen of every kind. Who will fill these places? Some of the boys and girls here, everyone of you, if you get the thought now of giving yourself as a birthday present to your town, your city, your country.

But here is a boy who says, "Plenty of time for me to work when I get into high school. Why study now?" Or here is a girl who says, "Some day I may have to wash dishes and make beds, but let mother do it now." "Why should I do anything," thinks Alice, "my father has plenty of money, I'll never need to work." "I won't have to either," says Horace, "a long life of pleasure is ahead for me."

Birthday presents, these boys and girls? Never, so long as they live, unless they get busy and make themselves into birthday presents, as fast as they can.

So this month as we think of two of our greatest Americans, let us ask ourselves what kind of birthday present am I going to be. And if you're going to make yourself into the kind your town is going to be proud of, you'll have to begin today!

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